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Good-Night.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,
Good-night! God keep you in his care away
Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.
For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong;
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long—
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good-night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere?

A Wish Fulfilled.

In the following poem Mr. Bryant expressed a wish which is happily fulfilled in his death in the first month of June—*New York Evening Post.*

JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or song of maids beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

Thusie's Fourth of July.

It was different from any other Fourth of July. There wasn't a man, woman, or child in Bayfield whose blood did not tingle with a patriotic desire to "celebrate," not only because of the birthday of our nation's liberty, but for the glorious anniversary of old Bayfield town itself. One hundred years old on this day! Little Thusie Bassett wouldn't have been in the least surprised if the sun had stood still. It would only have been just what ought to have happened on this "Centennial Day."

The day was everything that could be desired. Early the crowds began to assemble, and the village green was gay with the happy folk who came proudly from their simple homes. Was ever anything quite so fine—the singers marching into the dilapidated old church with their books; the tables in the grove of fine maples just a little distance off fast becoming resplendent under the fingers of ambitious matrons and rosy-cheeked maidens; the grand new band, blaring and drumming so joyously that lazy farm horses came hurrying up the steep hills to be there in time; the little streamers of red, white and blue bespangling the harnesses; the big flag floating from the church belfry; the cannon booming on the village green.

Thusie just clasped her hands and sighed. She had "run and raced herself most to death," as Aunt Martha observed, thus early in the day. She had fallen down and scraped the skin off from a large place on her knee; she had torn a hole in her best frock; but what cared she for such slight mishaps? Was she not part and parcel of this glorious Fourth of July? Tired as she was she swung her own small flag bravely, and glanced with pride at the little bunch of red, white and blue ribbons that Aunt Fanny had pinned on her white dress; and then away she went again, her small figure curvetting and frisking in and out as she "celebrated" with the other children.

"Thusie come here!" called Sarah Jones. "I want to tell you something. No, Nelly Smith, you ain't camin'! You'll go and tell!" And Sarah dragged Thusie off, and with an arm around her waist and persuasion in her voice she told of a secret—O, such a great one!—and enlarged enthusiastically upon it to the two or three other girls who were graciously allowed to join.

"Now you see, girls, this is what we're going to do. Don't you never tell—'certain true, black and blue, hope I may die if I do!' you must say; because, you see, it's a great secret."

"O, no Sarah!" said timid little Frasie Newcomb, "that's wicked."

"Poh! no, you goosie! it don't mean anything."

What Sarah wanted them to say it for if it didn't mean anything, the girls didn't clearly see; but they repeated the magic words.

"There now! I can tell you with some comfort," said Miss Sarah, seating herself on the grass in a sheltered nook, which example was followed by the others till they formed a circle; then, in a low voice and with many mysterious gestures, she unfolded the wonderful news.

"Well, girls! you know the fireworks to-night? Well, you all know we can't see anything on the Green, the folks crowd and jam so; so we—that is, us five—are going up into the old belfry!"

"O!—O!" screamed two or three of the girls.

"Sh! if you don't want all the boys coming."

"But, Sarah, I don't see how," said one of the girls. "They won't let us. You know Deacon Smith said nobody must go up there; 'twan't safe, he said. He said the old shell would break through or tumble off, if a great crowd got in."

"Anybody knows better than that, and besides, we ain't a crowd! I guess 'tain't coming down for five girls! And just think how we can see the rockets and comets from the big window!"

"It would be splendid," said Roxy Thompson, "but I should be frightened most to death, Sarah."

"And isn't there mice—and things?" timidly asked Lucia Russell.

Thusie said nothing. She knew her mother never would hear to the lovely plan. Besides, she was to go with the rest of the family to "Uncle John's." O, dear! if she could only do as she was a mind to, like Sarah.

"Besides it will be dark, Sarah," pursued Lucia.

"No 'twon't; it'll be as light's anything. Why, the fireworks go shooting up, whiz! bang! all through the sky," —and Sarah suited the action by an expressive fling. "I've seen 'em when I went down to Boston last year." And Sarah descanted on the glories and wonders in store for them till she got them wild with delight and ready for anything. Having a head for contrivance, she had the plan ready for getting into the church.

"You know, girls," she said, "they've decided to ring the bell when they're ready to set off the fireworks. Well, when Joe Vance goes up to ring it, we must be all ready to creep up after him. He's awful slow, you know; and besides, he'll be making such a noise with the bell he can't possibly hear us. And I'm going to have my pocket full of candy, and we can sit up there and see the whole thing just elegant! So, Thusie, you be sure and be here. We're to meet under the big oak tree. And Frasie, if you tell, there'll be the most awful things happen to you! And Su, don't wait to wash all the dishes for your Aunt Betsey; she can do 'em for once. And Tildy—"

"If you want any dinner, come along; they're all sitting down!" screamed Rob Davis, poking his head into their retreat with a whoop that made them jump.

Away they all ran, and fireworks and belfry were soon forgotten in the glories of that table—a real Fourth of July celebration table! Flowers, pyramids of cakes and flags flying from the apex, cookies, tarts, iced loaves—every cook had done her best.

Sunset was coming on before the last left the tables, and even then Thusie had scarcely thought over her promise. She only vaguely realized what a forbidden thing she and the others were going to do. I think if she had really and fairly reflected upon it, she would have refused to have anything to do with the whole thing and stood firm. "My think always comes afterwards," a little girl once said, and it's most always a sorry think!

Well, the sun went down. Great gold and red clouds came out all over the sky; there was one cloud nearly white, with deep red borders and a rosy center, on the blue patch that had been so bright through the day.

"See, it's put on red, white and blue!" called Henry Carter, and all the children rushed to see.

"Thusie," said her mother, as she drew her little girl who was racing along with the others towards her, "I am going home now to put Gracie to bed, and when you get ready you run right along up to Uncle John's. Aunt Fanny went an hour ago, she was so tired."

Thusie's heart gave a naughty little leap. Was anything ever so convenient! Merry groups were already getting "the best places" for a good view. She knew it must be time to be at the meeting-place under the big oak. Away she ran with rapid footsteps and was soon under its shelter. She was the first one there, but in a minute Sarah Jones and Tildy Thompson rushed up and threw their arms around her; then Lucia came—all there but Frasie.

"Why don't she come, the stupid thing!" fretted Sarah. "There's old Joe crossing the Green, now; we can't wait for her any longer."

That moment Frasie, panting and frightened, hurried up and was pulled into their shelter.

"What made you so late?" demanded Sarah.

"Oh! I couldn't help it," panted Frasie. "I had to run every step of the way. My little brother Teddy and cousin Augusta would come, and old fat Mrs. Brown wanted me to get her a chair, and then I tumbled down and—"

"Well, never mind," said Sarah, "you're here now, at last. Come, girls, now for it!" And with many a whisper and giggle they stole along under cover of the darkness after old Joe who was blundering up the stairs, making so much racket himself that he couldn't hear anything else.

"Oh, mercy!" whispered Sarah, "I ran my head into a horrid cobweb and it's all in my eyes."

"Sh! Sh!" And on they sped lightly.

"Frasie Newcomb, you shan't scream, so there!" A big mouse, unaccustomed to such interruptions, had flounced across the floor right across the children's feet. Clang—clang! clinkity—clang! How queer the old bell sounded up here.

Joe they could see above them as his figure swayed back and forth, and they wondered how he could possibly get up there upon the rickety little ladder. Wasn't it delightful, though, up in this dim forbidden spot—all shadowy nooks and mysterious recesses—lighted weirdly by the lurid glare from the firework stand outside. How queer all the people looked moving down on the Green.

"There's Miss Priscilla Bascom," announced Tildy with a soft giggle. "Ain't she funny? My! look at her nose—it's a yard long!"

"Yes! but O, see what they're doing there!" whispered Sarah excitedly.

"Where? where?" said Frazie, trying to see.

"O, Frasie! you push bad as the folks on the Green," grumbled Sarah, not moving in the least to accommodate.

Just then a most dismal noise sounded close which made them all jump and stare in each other's faces in fright.

"Oh, what was that?" whispered Lucia, grasping Thusie's arm.

Sarah's black eyes began to protrude a little, but she said nothing.

Hush! Another awful noise that seemed to the frightened girls like thunder; something ran and pounced into a dark corner. They didn't wait to see what it was; they sped and tumbled over each other to get to the landing below. Thusie's lovely blue sash was grasped by Sarah's sticky fingers, which had been greedily and slyly diminishing the pocketful of candy in the darkness above.

"Well!" gasped Sarah, when at last they reached the foot of the stairs, "I don't see what there is to be frightened at!"

"What—did you—come for then?" choked Thusie, who had scrambled so she could hardly breathe, let alone talk.

"Why, I didn't till you all started," snapped Sarah. "But never mind, here's a splendid place to see!" and she ensconced herself at once in the best corner of the big, square, front window. It was very dirty, being covered with dust and grime, not exactly the place that careful mothers would have selected for the holiday dresses of their children.

The grand show of the evening now began. The girls held their breath as they watched entranced in the dirty old window, crouching together very uncomfortably, trying hard to think they were having a nice time. And O! it was so warm and stifling.

"Phew! How close it is! Do open the window, Sarah!" gasped little Frasie at last.

But it wouldn't open.

I wish we had staid out on the Green," wailed Tildy.

Suddenly Sarah screamed.

"Why, as sure as you're alive, they're going round to the side of the church, girls, with that splendid wheel of liberty! O, hurry, hurry, hurry!" and she began to scramble down and pick her way over the rickety landing to the belfry stairs.

"Wait!" called out Frasie; but Sarah sped on. They could scarcely see her ahead. They had all they could do to follow her, and Thusie, being last and catching her dress on a rusty nail by the unlucky hole she had acquired in the early part of the day, had to stop outright and release it, and so was entirely separated from the others. Her mates, supposing her close behind, reached the front outer door and were soon scattered in various directions among their friends, and lost in the delightful enjoyments.

Thusie turned, after going down the stairs, the wrong way. Near the foot there was a closet—a little old musty place for odds and ends—a place that very few knew existed. The door of this closet stupid Joe had left open when he went for a pole that was wanted; and Thusie, in her bewilderment stumbling along the narrow passage-way, turned into this door and fell headlong over an old worm-eaten stool standing in the middle of the floor. She struck her forehead with great violence on the floor beyond, and knew no more.

And now the show was over. Everybody was getting ready for home. Old Joe was locking the church.

Couldn't any friendly hand rouse little Thusie! Aunt Fanny, safe at "Brother John's," supposed her with her mother on the Green. This was why Thusie wasn't missed by anyone. Couldn't something have whispered to the loving mother as she sat there in her low rocking-chair—kept at home herself from Uncle John's by sick little baby Gracie, crooning soft melodies into the fretful little ears—of the danger and loneliness that threatened her little Thusie!

The old church door shut with a bang. This it was, probably, that fairly roused Thusie from the swoon out of which she was slowly coming.

In those first dreadful moments Thusie never knew what she did. She groped her way out at last to the main passage. There was a window up to which she managed to climb and press her frightened little face piteously to the pane. From time to time, as she had groped her way along, she had called and shouted and then paused to listen. She soon began to realize this was of no use.

"Oh, dear!" I don't believe I ever could have hated Uncle John's," she sobbed. "It's just the loveliest place!"

And then the bitter tears dropped down and rolled all over the soiled little cockade that had been so gay and patriotic in the early morning. Thusie was a child of great common sense. She knew nothing could actually harm her in the old church, and darkness had never for her any of those keen terrors that invest it with such horrible dread for other children; but remorse reproached her sorely.

She said over all her prayers, even those of her babyhood. And then she watched and waited. It seemed to her hours, but, in reality, it was only late beb-time through the village; the lights, one after another, went out, and all were peacefully settling for the night.

What was that! Surely nothing but a mouse nibbling at the old wood-work. Again. That was no mouse! Thusie would have said she smelt something burning, only she must have been dreaming. She pinched herself to keep awake. But no! there certainly was a little flame of fire shooting up its determined tongue right there on the very roof of the porch. Locked up in an old church, with the fire that had somehow caught from the fireworks and been smouldering, until now it had broken out! All the people at home and in bed!

Thusie knew enough to realize that the old weather-beaten structure could never withstand the test. If she could only ring the old bell! But Joe always put up the ladder and secured it by a hook when he finished ringing. She rattled the window; she screamed; she crawled to the door and tried with all her might—which was quite considerable now—to shake it; anything to make a noise.

She could see the fire slowly growing bigger. What was one flame had now become two, with a swift increasing velocity that threatened the whole building.

"Oh, dear! I wanted fireworks, and now I have got them," moaned Thusie.

Still the awful crackling as the dry timbers took fire, and the smoke began to come in through the big cracks. She flung herself down on the floor; she could not look up any more.

"Fire! fire! The church is on fire!" in what seemed to Thusie the voice of an angel, rang through the stillness.

It was farmer Brown going home late in his wagon. The old church porch was wreathed in flames when his first wild cry rang over the startled village.

Thusie rushed back to the window. She felt the hot rush of the flames pushing in at the cracks and the rickety window. The light of the bright fire fell upon her white dress, whiter face, and disordered hair, making a strange picture; but she was not discovered yet by the excited crowd. At last Job Sawyer, a stalwart rough blacksmith, but with a heart tender as a child's, cried out:

"Why! there's a little gal up there!"

All eyes were turned then up to the window, and a second's pause fell upon them all. Then Job sprang upon another man's shoulder, swung himself up to the railing, and with one blow from his powerful fist shattered the window to fragments. He grasped Thusie, passed her to the trembling crowd below. Thusie heard the voices about her as in a dream.

"Why, it's little Thusie Bassett!"

"Sakes alive! how did it happen?"

"What if it had been my Jane!"

"Where's her mother?"

She only knew she was in her father's arms—safe now! And she knew no more until in her own dear home she came to herself with a great gasp; and there she was looking into the blessed face of her mother. And six simple little words were on her lips, unuttered, involuntary, but never forgotten, never annulled: "*I will always mind my mother!*"—*Wide Awake.*

American Carpets.

Our production of carpets is larger than that of any other country in the world. In 1875 the value of the product was $32,376,168. In 1872 our importations of carpeting amounted to nearly $6,000,000; in 1877 they were only $674,911. In their report as to the character of American carpets, the Centennial judges said: "The proofs at the Exhibition of our attainments in this manufacture were observed with no little surprise. It was manifest, from the absence of rival foreign exhibitions, that in respect to the carpets of the cheaper and medium qualities, up to the two and three-ply ingrains, the competition is confined to our own manufacturers. Even rival English manufacturers generally admitted that in the production of Jacquard Brussels, tapestries and Wiltons, and narrow Axminsters, we have nothing to learn from them either in design or fabrication.

It is worth remarking in this connection that when American inventors undertook the task of devising carpet-weaving machinery, the work was all done on handlooms by men. Now women and boys do all the manual labor. In 1844 a man with a helper could weave not more than seven yards of Brussels carpet in a day. Now a girl will weave fifty yards in that time.—*Scientific American.*

"Can you tell me where Washington's monument is?" asked a rural gentleman in Charles street, Baltimore, the other day. "Just lift your eyes off the ground," said the person addressed, rather tartly, "and you'll see it." "Well, I have lifted my eyes," said the rural party, looking his informant calmly in the face, "an' I don't see nuthin' but a blamed old fool."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Keep weeds in check.

Attend daily to the potato beetles.

An acre of soil one foot deep contains 4,000,000 pounds.

Grape trellises may be made of wire that the vines easily cling to.

Paris green, as an insect exterminator, must be used with great caution.

Unbuckle a harness before cleaning and oiling it.

Insects on vines can be driven off by sprinkling the vines with plaster, soot or air-slacked lime.

If you will plant seed of the castor bean where moles are troublesome, it will drive them away.

A mixture of sifted coal ashes, sulphur and hellebore, will dislodge most leaf insect feeders, if sprinkled on after rain, or when the dew is on.

Do not trim up your trees five or six feet. Let the limbs of the tree come near the ground. In other words, shorten in your tree.

Real hard work is now the lot of all farmers. To do this, and keep strong and well, live temperately. Be prudent in all things. Retire early. Sleep is a great restorer of strength to the laboring man. Get all you can of it. Do not overtax your system. Do all you can without injury. Health is more important than money. Keep it if possible.

A farmer of experience says that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs there is not much else of the horse fit for anything.

Chimney soot is a very powerful manure applied at the rate of one pound to the rod. It abounds in ammonia, and consequently possesses stimulating power to a remarkable degree. Too much soot per yard will drive vegetation beyond what is desirable. One part of soot and two of guano possess more stimulating ammonia than any other manure extant. Soot forms an exceedingly rapid stimulant for peas, lettuce, carrots spinach, and most crops in a liquid state, at the rate of half an ounce to two quarts of water given so to soak down to the root. Always give soot while the plants are in an active state. Most houses make soot enough to manure a whole garden for the year.

Poultry Notes.

It is stated by an intelligent and successful poultry breeder that experiments have satisfied him that chickens from hens fed on oats are much more vigorous and hardy than from those fed on corn.

A writer in *The Poultry World* says that the effect of sunflower seed in glossing the plumage of fowls that eat them is very soon noticeable. Another advantage in this feed is that breaking the shell to get at the kernal—which they soon learn to do—is useful exercise and diverts attention in confinement from egg-eating, feather plucking and similar mischief of idle hens.

A hen was found so lame she could not walk. Parasites under the scales around the joint just at the edge of the feathers, were the cause. Two applications of turpentine effected a cure, followed by annointing with coal tar. The turpentine killed the insects, invisible to the naked eye, and the coal tar healed the soreness.—*Rural New Yorker.*

H. W. Pottage, of Indiana, writes that, after having tried, without success, various remedies to remove vermin from young chicks, he has found the following to be the quickest and most effective way of disposing of the pests. Take a sponge, dip it into kerosene and squeeze dry, then mop the feathers and fluff of the mother hen; and in the evening and next morning you will be satisfied with the result. An occasional application will keep young chicks entirely free from vermin. Care must be taken to squeeze the sponge dry as it is the odor that removes the critters! We have tried this with good results.

Cayenne Pepper for Fowls.

Fowls seem to need some stimulating food, or rather an occasional seasoning of their different feeds of grain in its varied forms. Some breeders resort to prepared foods or some of the condimental poultry foods which are now so prominently brought before the public. Some of these are undoubtedly most excellent, and a breeder may be benefitted by using them knowingly. There are some of the preparations, however, which are to be tried with caution, for they are prepared by those who do not know anything about compounding preparations of any kind. Other things being equal, the simplest thing that can be used is often found to be the best. In this connection Cayenne pepper is largely used, especially for young chicks, and for young turkeys, too, but it must not be fed in too large quantities. Better feed sparingly and often than at long intervals and in large quantities. It should always be fed with soft or mixed food, especially with corn meal. Mix the pepper well with the meal before moistening it, so as to insure it being well mixed through. Poultry breeders —those who raise turkeys largely especially, know the value of Cayenne pepper, and use it accordingly. Full grown fowls, too, are very fond of it, and it serves to keep them healthy, sharpens their appetites, and helps to induce them to lay well and early.—*American Poultry Journal and Record.*

The Great Inventor.

Mr. Edison is above the medium height, and although he is only thirty-one years old, his iron gray hair and thoughtful eye show the effects of continued study. He is genial, liberal, and entirely unostentatious. His mind, day and night, is on projects; and even while eating his thoughts dwell on his inventions. His table conversation consists of occasional ejaculations regarding some new point in whatever project he may have in hand. He is at home in his laboratory, which is very large and complete in all of its appointments. He has a number of assistants, who are competent and quick to carry out his wishes, and they are often engaged on several widely different subjects at the same time. The experimental apparatus which is completed during the day is often tried at night when all is quiet and no visitors are present.

Notwithstanding his great mental labor, he avers that his health is good, and that as his occupation is pleasurable it does not tire him.

His residence and laboratory at Menlo Park are beautifully situated upon the brow of a hill that overlooks a picturesque valley. The beautiful landscape and the mountain air—Nature's best restoratives for the brain-weary—he has without the seeking.

Mr. Edison may well pride himself as to his position in the world of science, standing, as he does, first among the inventors of the day; and having, by his own energy and persistence, secured an income that enables him to carry forward on a grand scale such experiments as his prolific mind may suggest.—*Scientific American.*

Fashion Notes.

Jabots are worn more than ever.

Tinted veils are very fashionble.

The fashionable fan is of medium size.

Veils cover the whole face this summer.

Jubarry lace is popular for dressy jabots.

The "Lavense" overskirt grows in favor.

Wide collars and deep cuffs grow in favor,

Gray is the color for a mountain or seaside suit.

The "Mignon" is a pretty summer basque mantelet.

Japanese fans are still the favorites for ordinary use.

Fringe or trimming is not suitable for mountain suits.

White is the favorite garden party dress this summer.

The "Carmen" is the popular blouse waist this season.

The Mignon visite is the popular dressy wrap for the moment.

Parasols have round tops this season, and are of medium size.

The Estelle basque is an improvement on the cutaway jacket and waistcoat.

Surplice basques are worn by matrons; blouse waists by girls in their teens.

Pongee parasols, lined with contrasting color, are the thing for dressy summer toilets.

Coarse straw hats, raised on one side and trimmed with great simplicity, are suitable for mountain wear.

Blue, rose, color, and yellow are the favorite shades for tinted tuile veils. The dots are either white, black, or straw color.

Silk hosiery, embroidered by hand or machine, are stylish with low shoes.

Summer silk, in very small checks or hair-stripes, is for girls dresses.

If colored hosiery is worn, it should be either the color of the dress or trimming.

"Costume bonnets" are of straw the color of the dress, or made of the dress material.

White dresses for the country, during the summer, are long polonaise over a short round skirt.

Stylish bonnets are of black chip, trimmed with white roses, valenciennes lace and black satin ribbon.

Dark brown and dark blue cambrics and linens are for girls' summer dresses. Hats of brown or blue straw are to match these fabrics.

Ostrich feathers tipped with marabout showered with gold, silver and pearl, are elegant novelties. Plumes of marabout alone are sprinkled with all three decorative additions.

Live Old Men.

Prince Gortschakoff was born in 1800, Lord Beaconsfield in 1805, and Prince Bismarck in 1813. The youngest of the three is 65, the next 73 and the oldest 78. The Emperor of Germany was born in 1797. The late Pius IX. died this year at the age of 86, and his successor, Leo XIII., is but 68. Lord Lyndhurst was born at Boston, Mass., in 1772, and lived to be 91. Lord Brougham was born in 1779, and lived to be 81. Lord Lansdowne was 80 when he died, and the late Earl Russell was 86. Guizot was 87, and Thiers was 80. Count de Waldeck, French artist and archæologist, died in 1875 at the age of 101. All these old men were very much alive up to their last breath. So were Lord Brougham, who died at 89, and Lord Palmerston, at 81. So are John Bright at 67, and Mr. Gladstone, who writes about old Homer, and discusses domestic and foreign politics, and cuts down trees as lustily as ever at 74. So, too, were Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a signer of the American Declaration of Independence, who lived to be 91; and four Presidents of the Continental Congress—John Jay, 84; Thomas McKean, 82; Elias Boudinot, 81, and Arthur St. Clair, 84. The first Chief Magistrate of our Republic, George Washington, died when he was but 68. Five other Presidents of the United States lived to be 80 or more—John Adams, dying in his 92d year; Thomas Jefferson, at 83; James Madison, at 85; John Quincy Adams, when almost 81, and Martin Van Buren, at 80. Six more lived until past 70—James Monroe, who died in his 72d year; Andrew Jackson, at 78; John Tyler, at 74; Millard Fillmore, at 74, and James Buchanan, at 77. Stephen Girard died at 81, and John Jacob Astor at 85. Chief Justice Marshall lived to 80, and Chief Justice Taney to 87. Charles O'Conor is 74. George Bancroft and Caleb Cushing are each 78. Simon Cameron is 80. Thurlow Weed is 81. Peter Cooper is active at the age of 87. The death of William Cullen Bryant, a victim of sunstroke, is now being everywhere mourned as premature, even at 84. Richard Henry Dana, the poet, who first introduced to the public the author of "Thanatopsis" more than sixty years ago, survives him at the age of 91. Walt Whitman is only 59. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 69. Whittier and Longfellow are each 71. Emerson is 75. Victor Hugo is 76. Charles James Mathews is 75. Buckstone is 78. Carlyle is 83.

The Cost of Cotton Culture.

One good, active hand can cultivate twelve acres in cotton or twenty-five acres of corn, which may be increased or diminished, according to the character of the soil. The length of time required will be about eleven months for the cotton and seven months for the corn. Putting the wages of this hand at eight dollars per month, eighty-eight dollars; with rations, say three and one-half pounds of bacon per week and one peck of meal, say twenty dollars; feed of the mule to plough at forty dollars and the smith bill at five dollars would make the whole cost of cultivating twelve acres in cotton, $153. If these twelve acres would yield only four hundred pounds of seed cotton per acre, then the amount made would be 4,800 in seed, or 1,600 in lint. So the expense of making 1,600 of lint will be $153, which at $9.50 per one hundred pounds would simply cover the cost. But if the land should make one thousand pounds per acre, the whole yield would be 12,000 pounds in seed or 4,000 pounds in lint; but as the one hand could not pick over half the crop, the cost of picking the balance, 6,000 pounds, would be about twenty-seven dollars, making the cost, $180, which, at $4.50 per hundred, will cover the amount, $180. So it is evident the expense of making one hundred pounds cannot be uniform as to the cost. The richer the lands the greater will be the reduction of the expense, and the reverse; for if only two hundred pounds had been made per acre, then the expense would have run up to nineteen dollars, and if the yield had been two thousand pounds, the cost would have been $2.50 per one hundred pounds; the cost of the hired hand and the feed of the mule being the same in both cases. This plan of estimating the cost will hold in making corn, though less than that of cotton, as the time of working and gathering crop need not be over seven months instead of eleven.—*Southern Home.*

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Some of the Objects of Interest to be Seen at the Great Show.

A Paris correspondent writes about the Exposition as follows: To observe the progress made in the manufacture of the article in which he is interested, or which is the specialty of his country, with what means, processes and appliances this progress has been made, whether it is available and would be profitable with the resources of his own land to rival, or to excel this; such to the thoughtful, practical man are the uses of these world's fairs, which are as old as Leipsic and Novgorod. As art expositions they charm those of æsthetic tastes; as great shows they delight the curious and the numerous class who, like the Athenians, are continually seeking something new. This present is more than twice as large as any of its predecessors; has about 56,000 exhibitors, and it would be hard if in some of their varied displays every visitor could not find something to interest him and reward him for his visit.

Approaching the place, you will observe a curious method of advertising. A restaurant by a huge captive balloon, shaped like a bottle, which bears high in the air the name and business of its proprietor painted on its sides in great letters. Another captive balloon has commenced making regular ascents into the sky, carrying ten passengers at a time. On one of the outer towers on the grounds France has an electro-magnetic machine, driven by a steam engine, to produce the electric light-house lantern at the top; and there is another one, designed for the months of rivers, to show the state of the tide, one color for high water, and another for low. Among the freshest novelties, Norway shows a pulp for paper manufacture and for ornamental mouldings of frame houses, made out of pine wood, all the processes of preparation being shown, from the thin strips cut from the log to the liquid pulp, like glycerine, in the bottle. And Italy shows cloth and clothing made from asbestos, which can be washed, or rather cleaned, by the simple process of passing it through the flames.

Italy now makes a great and imposing display. There is statuary in great profusion, but made more to sell than to illustrate art or exemplify progress. Focardi's expressive groups in plaster excite constant admiration and will doubtless find speedy sale. His two newsboys, struggling together for the sale of a newspaper to a customer, are full of expression, and if taken, as I fancy, from Neapolitan models, should be full of life also. A superb, and apparently a very effective fire-escape for the loftiest buildings, is in strange juxtaposition to all the statuary. Near this is a group of life-like models of Italian soldiers, the mounted gendarme and hussar and the dashing bersaglieri, looking most natural and as if they were actually keeping rigorous guard over the treasures around them. The Durano Company, of Venice, show glassware so delicately thin that one fears to touch it lest it crumble in the hand. The other Venetian glass fabrics, of Salviati and the Murano Company make, with this, a wonderfully glittering and imposing front along the central aisle. My Lucchese friends have sent a beautiful collection of wax in all the processes of manufacture. The exquisite gold and silver filigree work of Genoa and Venice is here in glittering profusion; and it was right pleasant to be greeted by the exhibitors, in their musical tongue, as an old acquaintance. Rome, with her peculiar mosaics and jewelry, presses both these cities hard in the race for excellence. While the corals and tortoise-shells of Naples add to the display, which is unique and most attractive. Italy's display, with the recent additions, is indeed a rich and varied one, and worthy of the genius and skill of her industrious sons.

I observe from the affixed cards that a great number of articles in the Japanese section are already sold, and that they are marked with preposterously high prices, too. Only think of finding in this section an exhibit of books, charts and other educational appliances used in the Japanese public schools, together with specimens of the school work of the pupils. The maps are well executed, although the lettering was too much for me; the old-fashioned abacus for counting looked primitive enough. Here were little pamphlets of rule and regulations for her primary schools, and actually terrestrial revolving globes of paper stretched over wire frames like a parasol, and others with the mountain chains raised on the surface.

I went out from here into a court adjoining to a Japanese band of twenty-four musicians in full blast. It would puzzle Handel or Haydn, or even Wagner, to have named either instrument or tunes. Near by is a collection of Chinese coins from B. C. 220 to A. D. 1851, each with a hole in its center to string them together by. How can Chinese mothers and teachers and policemen ever tell these people one from another. For they all dress and look exactly alike to me. In their section the beautifully embroidered shawls of the famous Canton crape are gaining the eyes and winning the hearts of the ladies.

The Austro-Hungarian section is as large as that of England, and more beautiful and attractive; although not so useful nor so intensely practical. The immense exhibit of Bohemian glass, in all its varied shapes and colors, is an exposition in itself; it is surpassingly beautiful and awfully dear.

The Austrian porcelain compares but poorly with the work of neighboring Italy and England, and the quaint, rich profusion of Japanese and Chinese ceramic art. What astonishingly and amazingly gorgeous specimens of man-millinery and military frippery the gallant Hungarian and Austrian warriors bedizen their handsome bodies with! No one can have an idea of the riotous extravagance of military tailoring until he has seen these and the German uniforms.

The rich leather goods, of which Vienna has a specialty, are here in abounding variety and taste and pungent fragrance, and the Viennese book-binding seems peerless in richness, if not in substantiality. Hungary makes a gigantic display of her great variety of wines. The Japanese also make a display of their wines, with cabalistical signs and hieroglyphics on their labels and queer colors inside; and a hospitable Jap exhibitor, seeing me taking notes, invited me to "sample," but their fearful national music was lacerating my ears at the moment, and I argued from analogy and declined with thanks.

The United States machinery department has been well and apparently creditably filled; but, as I have told you, I am not a machinery-sharp. But those who are expert in such matters tell me that our display compares favorably with that of England and France, and excels that of any other nation. There certainly is a great array of whirring sewing-machines, with a great array of heavily-coiffed and rather stern-looking damsels at work at them. Our section is quite well filled. We have draped lots of gay bunting all around our section, but have totally neglected the accommodation which every other nation has afforded—a provision of chairs and lounges for the weary visitors. A Canadian manufacturer set out a lot of Windsor chairs and rockers in their section, and they were constantly filled with visitors, admiring the Dominion's show, as they rested; and see from the cards affixed, that he has already sold every one of them to European purchasers. But perhaps we deem our central show of false teeth and dentistry instruments, and surgical operating tables, and invalid chairs, and patent medicines too gorgeous and dazzling for the human eye protractedly to gaze upon.

The Prince of Wales is making himself very popular in France by his sympathetic speeches, and by the great interest he manifests in the Exposition. I met him there several times while he was going round from case to case, accompanied by his wife, formerly the Danish Princess Alexandra, a tall, thin, graceful looking woman, straight, but of delicate appearance, with long, straight nose, intellectual look, marble complexion, dressed in a plain black silk skirt and basque, with two rows of black lace trimming, and a black bonnet unbecomingly trimmed with large yellow flowers. A gaping, staring crowd ran around after them everywhere, as another gang did after three short, insignificant looking Chinese princes, and yet another after Marshal MacMahon and his wife.

Instinct of Birds.

No subject connected with the history of birds furnishes more interesting material for study than that of instinct. Young birds of different species show that they have very different degrees of instinctive knowledge. Some are able to take the entire care of themselves, and do not need a mother to watch over them; others, on the contrary, are per fectly helpless, and need teaching before they can do anything for themselves, except breathe, and swallow what is put into their mouths. The young chicken, a short time after it leaves the egg, knows how to take care of itself nearly as well as does the year-old bird. It can run after its mother, use its eyes, pick up food, and answer the call of the old hen; and it does all this without instruction. How different it is in all these respects from the young barn-swallow! This is blind, and unable to run, or even to stand, knowing only enough to open its mouth when it hears the old bird return to the nest, and to swallow the food placed in its open bill. Far from knowing by instinct how to use its wings, as the young chick does its legs, it does not learn this until it is well grown, and has had several lessons in flying, and even then it flies badly, and improves only after long practice. After it has learned to fly, it is still very helpless and baby-like, and very different from the active, bright-eyed, independent little chick of the barn-yard—and, indeed, the young of all the *Rasores*, or scratching birds, such as the hen, the quail, the partridge, the pheasant and the turkey.

The scratching birds are not the only ones which can take care of themselves at an early age. This is true of the running birds, such as the ostrich; and the same is the case with many of the wading birds, such as the woodcock; and among the swimming birds, there are several kinds that take full care of themselves soon after leaving the shell.

Far from standing in any need of instruction, young ducks take to the water by instinct, even when they have been brought up by a hen; and they know that they are perfectly safe upon it, although the anxious hen tries in every way to restrain them and to call them back.

There are many ways in which some of our young birds show their really wonderful instincts, but there is nothing more curious in this respect than the habits of the little chickens, which most of us have opportunities of noticing, if we choose to take the trouble. These little creatures, almost as soon as they are born, understand what their mother "clucks" to them; they know that they must hide when a hawk is about; they often scratch the ground for food before they see their mother or any other chicken do so; they are careful not to catch bees instead of flies; and they show their early smartness in many ways which are well worth watching.

But, sometimes, a brood of these youngsters find something that puzzles them, as when they meet with a hard-shelled beetle, who looks too big to eat and yet too small for a playmate.—*St. Nicholas.*

How a Signer Died.

The following letter, descriptive of the last hours of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who died at Newport, R. I., in 1820, has never before been published. It was written by an intimate friend of the family, and has recently come to light:

MARCH 14, 1820.—Old Mr. Ellery died like a philosopher. In truth, death in its common form never came near him. His strength wasted gradually for the last year until he ceased to breathe. The day on which he died he got up as usual and dressed himself, took his old flag-bottomed chair without arms, in which he had sat for more than half a century, and was reading "Tully's Offices" in the Latin, without glasses, though the print was as fine as that of the smallest pocket Bible. Dr. W. stopped in on his way to the hospital, as he usually did, and on perceiving that the old gentleman could scarcely raise his eyelids to look at him, he took his hand and found that his pulse had gone! After drinking a little wine and water, Dr. W. told him that his pulse beat stronger. "Oh, yes, doctor, I have a charming pulse. But," he continued, "it is idle to talk to me in this way. I am going off the stage, and it is a great blessing. I go free from sickness or pain or sorrow." Some time after, his daughter finding him becoming extremely weak, wished him to be put into bed, which he at first objected to, saying that he felt no pain, and there was no occasion for his going to bed. Presently after, however, fearing that he might fall out of his chair, he told them they might set him upright in the bed so that he might continue to read. They did so, and he continued reading Cicero very quietly for some time. Presently they looked at him and found him dead, sitting in the same posture with the book under his chin, as a man who becomes drowsy and goes to sleep.

Instantaneous Photography.

A very remarkable improv

The Centre Reporter.

ED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

:0:

CENTRE HALL, Pa., July, 18 1878.

FOR GOVERNOR:
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union Co.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery Co.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford Co.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS:
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

The Clinton Democrat has a word to candidates which will apply to this county as well. It says: While you are making your rounds, please urge upon the Democrats you reach to see that every man of the party is registered in due time. It will be of service to the party and will not hurt you to do this little service.

General resumption of mining was to begin on Monday, and miners return to work with a fair prospect of continued steady work for the balance of the shipping year. The prospect for steady employment and slightly advanced wages creates a much better feeling among the workingmen in Schuylkill and an improvement in business generally is generally looked for throughout the coal regions by the employment of the 20,000 men and boys in the various mines and railroads engaged in the trade.

It seems a little singular and suspicious that all connected with the Florida presidential fraud have been rewarded with office under Hayes. Noyes was made minister to France, Kasson minister to Austria, M'Lin justice of New Mexico, Stearns commissioner of the Hot Springs. Dennis went into the supervising architect's office, where he had nothing to do but draw his pay. Cessna, the county judge, who took the affidavits in Alachua, was made a postmaster. Black and Vance, the canvassers there, went, one into the treasury and the other into the post office. Howell who was clerk of Baker county, was made collector of customs. Bowles, who was election officer in Leon county, where the democrats claimed there was a fraud of seventy-four votes, went into the treasury. Belt, another county judge in a contested count, was made a timber agent. Humphreys, one of the electors, was made collector of Pensacola. Leons Stearns' secretary, was put into the treasury. Maxwell, a republican detective, was made lieutenant in the army. Phelps went to Paris with M'Cormick. Varnum, one of Stearns' cabinet, became a receiver of the land office, where Taylor, one of the clerks of the county court, found a haven also. In short, wherever there was a fraud places were found for those connected with it.

A correspondent from Pottsville, Pa., to the New York Tribune presents a sad picture of the state of affairs of the workingmen in the anthracite coal region. It is estimated, by competent judges, that the number out of employment now is fully one-third more than a year ago. Hundreds of men pay no rents. Nearly all the storekeepers have been sold out at sheriff's sale. All the farmers except one, in the Catawissa valley, have been sold out. Miners' houses are being sheriffed, that havebeen only partly paid for, at a recent term 159 were on the list.

No democrat has reason to leave the party and join the Greenbackers. All the evils the greenbackers justly complain of are the work of republican legislation which democrats all along resisted—hence the true remedy, as the Reporter will always contend, is to put the government in the hands of the democrats. The Patriot makes a few remarks upon this, which are to the point. It says:

A party greenbacker, alias National, is well defined to be one who takes such action in politics as will defeat the measures he favors and continue those in full force to which he is opposed—to defeat what he wants and sustains what he is opposed to.

Observe the facts. All the financial measures complained of were enacted by republican congresses—when the government was in the hands of the republicans in all its branches. The abstraction of a large number of votes from the democratic party by the greenbackers must give victory to the republicans and place every branch of the government again in their hands. When that happens the measures thus sustained will of course be continued and the greenbackers will be defeated in their destres.

No sooner did the democrats get a majority in one house of congress than they passed a bill repealing the resumption act, compelled the remonetization of silver, made greenbacks receivable for customs and stopped their destruction, proposed interchangeable bonds, etc. To defeat the democrats, therefore, is to destroy the power that alone can and will accomplish these and kindred results. Hence if the greenbackers defeat them they defeat the very measures they are in favor of.

For these reasons the definition in the first paragraph above is logically correct.

The tramps who were trying to give the railroads in Iowa trouble, last week, have found it advisable to move off, and turned up in Wisconson, and at Beloit a train was delayed 8 hours by them, and for more than a day all trains have been obliged to run through that town without stopping. Over 250 tramps are there and more are centering there. They have been driven out of Iowa by the recent proclamation of the Governor, and claim to be en route for Minnesota to get harvest work. They say the railroad must carry them or take their medicine. The railroad company applied to Governor Smith for help, and if deemed necessary the militia of the State will be called out to stop their depredations.

These fellows are fond of warm meals and often become insolent when women do not serve one up for them, an occasional warm reception with shot guns we think would be better.

The Lewisburg Chronicle says: Preliminary steps, we are informed, have been taken to contest the will of our late deceased townsman, Wm. Cameron, Esq. The contestant it Mrs. Dr. Harrison, youngest daughter, through her attorney; in fact, Joseph W. Shriner. She has secured as counsel Hon Jere. S. Black, (ex-Attorney General), Chas. S. Wolfe, Esq., Wm. Van Gezer, Esq., Geo. A Guyer, Esq., and Messrs. Linn & Dill. The defendant, J. B. Packer, will most likely be represented by Hon. Josh. Comly, of Danville, and Messrs. G. F. Miller & Sons, of this place.

The Chambersburg Valley Spirit suggests that "if Harrisburg should secure the penitentiary for the middle district, it ought to be erected on the site of the old arsenal (east side of capital park) as a warning to the legislature!"

Dill knows the affairs of our state thoroughly—having served ten years in the legislature, leaving a pure record. Hoyt has no experience in state affairs, never held a position, but always was a henchman of the Cameron's and by his election the Cameron gang would have control of the state.

A WORD OF CAUTION AND APPEAL.

There is no weakness more annoying or disastrous than that of local divisions and the delay occasioned by the ambitions of rival district candidates. May we not with confidence appeal to our friends everywhere to cultivate union and harmony for the sake of the cause? May we not confidently appeal to ambitions to set aside their personal hopes for the present in order that the interests of their great party may be advanced? Will not district conferences heed the appeal to make nominations with all possible promptness, looking alone to the interests of their party in the great battle that is impending?

This is no time to imitate the miserable wretch who ran into the rejoicing and tumultuous ranks of Washington's army after the surrender of Cornwallis vociferously seeking pay for some beef supplies. Office-loving ambitions should content themselves now with the single political purpose of rescuing the country from the hands of the thieves and marauders who have robbed and oppressed the whole public for years past and who fight for sucess now only that they may continue to glut their plundering propensities.

The people are heavily taxed and terribly oppressed by the measures put in force and by the corrupt practices of the republican leaders and office holders. They have robbed and are daily plundering the public in every form that wicked legislation can sanction. If successful at the next election they will not only continue their nefarious practices but they will (through General Grant) fasten an absolute dictatorship upon the country. To accomplish these direful ends money will be most lavishly spent and every species of corruption to influence elections will be resorted to. As a fact in point, we refer to the well known event that the republican legislature created the office of Recorder in Philadelphia, with fees that will aggregate the enormous sum of thirty to fifty thousand dollars annually, to be collected from the public for no other purpose than to furnish their state committee with funds to carry elections! There has been a large amount of just such legislation. So systematically has this practice been carried on that the people are made to furnish the money to defeat themselves at elections by corruption and fraud. Of this legislation the hordes of office holders, the exorbitant salaries of all officials, the Recorder bill, Kiskeminetas appropriations, etc., are living examples.

May we not therefore appeal to the friends of reform of all classes every where to cease petty internal struggles to surrender personal ambitions to the good of the cause, to frown upon division and discord, and to promote union harmony and consequent strength and vigor by every means in their power? Public interest as well as patriotism demands it. Let all come to the rescue, that all may participate in the coming triumph. Save your energies and fighting power for the common foe—the plunderer and assassin of the public interes and the rights of the people.

KURTZ'S FIRE ESCAPE.

The beautiful model of a fire escape, invented by Mr. George Kurtz, of Millheim, in this state, which attracted considerable attention in the procession on the Fourth of July on the top of the service carriage of the Citizen fire company, was exhibited before the fire committee of councils on Saturday evening, and was pronounced the best invention of the kind yet offered to the public. The ladder, which is placed on a truck, is so constructed that it will with safety sustain the weight of a number of persons. It is formed of sections, from each of which a light but strong platform extends as quick as it is elevated, and which can readily, with a certainty, be shoved to any window, where it is instantly braced and rendered safe and strong. It is worked quickly and easily by means of a winding tackle, and can be elevated or lowered by one or two men with the greatest ease. The firemen of this city who examined it closely are unanimous in their opinion that it is the very best invention of the kind they ever saw or inspected.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Hayes has at last opened fire on Conkling and has begun the war with a flank movement. He has quietly bided his time until the senate has adjourned and Conkling is at a disadvantage. Arthur has been removed from the collectorship of the port of New York and Cornell from the position of naval officer. Conkling will either have to bottle up rage until congress meets or else get the Potter committee to subpoena him.

From Fayette, as well as from several other localities, we learn that the "nationals" have nominated candidates for the legislature who it is well known will support the re-election of Don Cameron to the United States senate. Cameronians rely upon this game being every where played. If such candidates are successful in any case they will serve Cameron's purposes as well as republicans. The hypocrisy of these professed greenbackers in thus helping to re-elect Cameron, who is opposed to every measure they profess to favor, is palpable. We hope the democratic press every where will expose the false pretences. If the "national" people are to be played simply as an adjunctive conjunction to the republicans, to enable the latter to fasten the federal legislation of the last dozen years upon us, it is time for the people to know it.

INDIANS DEFEATED.

"A letter received from Pendleton, July 8th, to Gov. Chadwick, says:

'General Howard attacked the Indians at Beasley's mill. The hostiles number about 400. General Howard repulsed them three times, and is still fighting. He captured from 400 to 500 head of stock, together with provisions and ammunition Fifteen of the troops were wounded, two mortally.

[Signed] 'J. B. KENNY.'"

St. Louis, Mo., July 13.—This has been the hottest day of the season, the mercury raging, from nine to four o'clock, from ninety to over one hundred in the shade. Nearly thirty cases of sunstroke have been reported during the day and fully as many more have probably occurred, of which the authorities have no record. Sixteen deaths have occurred to-day from this cause.

The tannery of Meyers, Herring & Co., in Lock Haven, took fire on Sunday afternoon, the 30th ult., and was entirely consumed with 700 sides finished leather and about 30 tons of bark. The fire spread to a frame building adjoining, Dr. Fishburns stable and the old warehouse belonging to Mr. Scott. An insurance of $10,100 covered the properties. Loss not estimated.

A Constantinople dispatch to the London Times says: "Mr. Fawcett has returned from Lagos and reports that intense suffering exists among the population south of the Rhodophe mountains. He enumerates the horrors perpetrated by the Bulgarians and Cossacks, and sometimes by regular Russian soldiers, whose design seems to be extermination and utter dispersion of Mussulmans and Christians unfavorable to them. In the Damodea district fifty-three villages have been plundered and burnt by Russian and Bulgarian troops within the last two months. Twenty-three villages have been equally laid waste and burnt in the district of Haskley, and in the Philippopoli district, twelve villages have been burnt."

In numerous villages there has been wanton destruction, attended by deeds of unheard of barbarity. Cases of men and women deliberately burnt alive have been frequent. The violation of the young has also been very frequent. Nothing more horrible than the particulars of this report can be imagined. It veracity rests on the official authority of one of the most respected of her majesty's servants and of men employed by him upon his conviction of their perfect trustworthiness. Mr. Fawcett intends to lay his report before the English, Austrian and French ambassadors with a view to sending out a commission of inquiry to the spot to endeavor to put an end to these excesses which disgrace humanity.

STEPHEN GIRARD'S ESTATE.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Nephews and nieces and heirs of Stephen Girard filed a bill in equity yesterday in Common Court, No. 3, in which they claim that the Board of City Trusts are not administering the great philanthropist's will to the strict letter. They claim that in his will Girard gave express directions for the construction of Girard College, and set apart a fund for its maintenance. The Board of City Trusts, they say, in violation of those directions, are erecting buildings on the college grounds, the cost of which is being taken out of the income derived from the estate within the city limits. By the will, they aver, it was Girard's intention that the college should be maintained entirely out of the proceeds and income of that part of the estate lying outside of Philadelphia, and that the income within the city was not to be devoted to this purpose until the other sources should prove insufficient to meet the expenses. They claim that the outside property produces an income amply sufficient to maintain the college as established, and that the devise of the real estate within the city contained within the will was impossible to be carried out, and that its meaning is uncertain and therefore, it is void. In view of this the plaintiff's as his heirs, claim that they are entitled to the accumulated income of all the real estate within the city limits. Besides the Board of City Trusts, the city is joined as a defendant, and in their prayer they ask for an injunction to restrain the expenditure of any part of the income on city property, and for a decree of surrender to them of all the property built upon and improved by the use of his income. Six of the heirs are French, and reside in Paris.

LETTER FROM THE OIL REGIONS.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 12, '78.

DEAR EDITOR:—Having long desired to visit the Oil country, and business being very dull, I left the fertile hills and dales of "Old Centre" to feast my eyes on scenery new and interesting. I took leave on Monday, July 8th, the "Iron Horse" bearing me rapidly from the friends and scenes of earlier years to far-famed Western Pennsylvania. Bennetts Branch or Low Grade Division, constituted my route across the Alleghenies; at the terminus of this road I made close connections with the A. V. RR., which conveyed me safely to Foxburg, where I took the Foxburg, St. Petersburg and Clarion RR., and on Tuesday, at 7:15 p. m., found myself at St. Petersburg, Clarion Co., my intended destination. The scenery along the above mentioned route, was simply grand, and the novel way of ascending the steep grade between Foxburg and St. Petersburg is certainly very interesting to one who has never traveled the road, and is worthy of mention; the ascent is made in a zig-zag manner, the train moving backward and forward each time, ascending a little higher until the summit is gained.

St. Petersburg situated about 400 ft. above the level of the Allegheny river and not far distant from the mouth of the Clarion river, is said to be one of the most beautiful oil towns in this section. It has a population of about 3,000, made up mostly of thriving, energetic, business men; unlike most oil towns it is a permanent and an established place where many of the wealthiest citizens of the country have their permanent residences. It has five churches, the finest of which is St. Pet's Ref'd church, just about completed, it is said to be the grandest in Clarion county, having been erected at a cost of $30,000. Our friend, Prof. W. T. Meyer, of Aaronsburg, has located here and is rapidly gaining for himself an enviable reputation as a musical instructor. He is, as usual, busily engaged in the duties of his profession, and is favored with a profitable remuneration of about fifteen hundred dollars annually, he is also engaged by the aforementioned St. Peter's Ref'd church as organist, at a salary of $250 per year. The Prof. purposes in about a week paying his numerous friends in Centre a visit as he will then be having a short vacation.

Business here is at present struggling beneath the terrible depression in the price of oil, quite recently the market has been exceedingly fluctuating, changing almost hourly from 90 up to 86 cts. and just now it had reached 98. As the oil production is the sole organ of trade in this country, this depression is keenly felt, and unless there is a more favorable change, evil consequences will inevitably follow.

Accompanied by Prof. Meyer, we enjoyed a trip to Turkey City. The scenery along this road is most beautiful. The railroad takes its course through numerous groves along the Clarion river, and in its windings bears you through an interesting portion of the country, after spending several hours very pleasantly, and forming many agreeable acquaintances we again took our way back to St. Petersburg. Bradford, situated in McKean county, is now the banner town, oil has recently been found there and numerous operators from these parts have settled there with a view of sinking wells. Bradford, although at present small owing to its hitherto apparent insignificance. Now bids fair to gain an eminence superior to her sister towns, she can boast of some very fine churches and extensive business houses and her prospects for future prominence are certainly encouraging. Many more points of interest have come under our notice and would receive mention at our hands but for fearing lest we may infringe upon time and space and tire the readers of your valuable paper we deem it prudent to close for this time, suffice it to say that we have been favorably impressed with the country and its hospitable inhabitants and bear with us to our home the recollection of a visit profitably and pleasantly spent.

Very Respectfully Yours,
TOURIST.

SUN-STROKE.

Rules for Cure Published by New York Board of Health.

The following report of the Sanitary Committee of the New York Board of Health, upon sunstroke, has been approved and published by the board:

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep, and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors, and where here is artificial heat—laundries, etc, —see that the room is well ventilated.

If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), &c., and put inside of it on the head, a wet cloth on a large green leaf; frequenty lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, wherever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvas or broad cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning, on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache, or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shade and cool place; apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician, give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea, or cold coffee, if able to swollow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with, or pour cool water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cool cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body.

If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonful of water with a little sugar.

Crop reports from the great wheat growing section of Kansas show an average yield of twenty-five bushels per acre, the wheat being of superior quality. Oats will yield about fifty bushels. Fruit prospects are excelent.

THE TRUE MAN OF THE DAY.

Address of Rev. W. E. FISCHER, at the Annual Exhibition of the P. V. Institute, Centre Hall, June 21, 1878.

Every one is more or less striving to become a man—a real, true, strong man. In this effort, the result will be as various as are the conceptions of each one engaged in building for himself a manhood. The strength put into the effort, the conception of the individual as to what makes up a true man, these will have their influence upon the finished work—good or bad. Each one, at some period of his life, lays down a line which he proposes to follow, having a fixed end in view, to the attainment of which he devotes himself as long as life itself lasts. We are all artists in this respect. Each has his pencil and canvas, and paints himself as he would like to be; hangs the picture on the walls of his heart; looks at it, studies it, and ever struggles to reproduce it in actual, living colors. Some, in this work, are very zealous, others very indolent. Some project such tremendous energy to reach the realization of their ideal that it might be difficult for one, other than the combatant himself, to distinguish the original from the copy—the prototype from the reproduction; whilst others use so little effort, that to the superficial observer, they seem to be living without any end in view at all. But even these have a desire to be *something*, a certain, fixed, *definite* something. Thus all, either actually or ideally, live among a class superior to themselves, let that superior consist in whatever it may. Every sane man may be a true man. No degree of physical development, no fixed standard of mental culture, no circumstance, or combination of circumstances outside of the man himself, enters into the ESSENTIAL elements. In the iron ages of the past, great bodily strength and the ability to perform feats of physical powers, were popularly regarded as the *insignia* of manhood; but where these are subjected to the criticism of enlightened minds, aided by the pure light reflected from the Source of light, they dwindle into mere animal power, which, if admitted to the proper test, instead of making man the climax of created beings, sinks him beneath the level of many a brute. So, too, that man who possesses the highest type of intellectual ability, though he may be a benefactor of his race and a perfect adept in his specialty, whatever it may be, may be the falsest of men and basest of villains. True manhood in its highest, purest, noblest and truest forms, is within the grasp of each and *all*. To fail in getting it, no one has any moral excuse. Being then dependent upon neither mind, body nor estate, true manhood can contain no *essential* ingredient which is confined to a *given class*. I will to-night notice a few elements. One of the most important of the essential elements of true manhood is, first, *Individuality in thought and action*. To be a real man you must think and act for yourself. Your own brain must be the workshop in which you forge your destiny. The thoughts and conceptions coming up in it and by it are the sole material with which you create it. Talent, genius, impulse, passion, these are the tools which every man must use and does use, in making manhood. Within him, man has all the necessary resources. He does not look for circumstances to make him, but makes *himself*, and at the same time, secondarily, makes whatever circumstances may be requisite for the making of himself. He somehow acts as if he were the only man on the earth, and every thing else a blot or blank. He does not ignore other men, but looks upon them rather as something upon which he must think, and as objects upon which and with relation to which he must often act. And when I therefore say that he must possess individuality, I do not mean that he must set aside the thoughts and opinions of other people. He must, however, exercise discrimination. Others' views are useful in suggesting and stimulating thought. To study a grammar or read a book, or pursue a labored argument with the deliberate intention of indorsing all the author says, or to consult another, determined to make his views yours, is folly. The moral responsibility of an act rests solely with the individual who commits it; accountability for a wrong is with him alone who is guilty of its perpetration. In morals there is no division of responsibility—no partnerships. In pecuniary transactions liabilities may be divided almost *ad infinitum*—just as the parties agree. In morals there can be no such thing as guaranty of safety in case of deficiency. Responsibility is individual, and acts should likewise be and are. It is here where the commonest error of young men is made. Public opinion, or rather the fear of it, has kept many a man back from being a *leader*—yes, a HERO in the battle of life. Fear of offending, or arousing antagonism, has led many a man to imitate others. Young men in the clerical profession have often selected a popular "D. D." as their model. The accent, the posture, the gesticulation, the tone of voice, all tell you at once, though you may never have seen their model, that they are merely imitating another; that they are a counterfeit and a fraud. You may have been in a court room and seen a member of the bar with disheveled hair, neck-tie flying, wristbands loose, ranting before a jury, in imitation of some fired advocate, who, amid the glow of eloquence, the fervency of his effort and the excitement of the case, in which his feelings of right were enlisted, may have, perhaps unconsciously to himself, increased his comfort at the expense of his appearance. Neither of these, I think, impress us as ideals of true manhood. Some again combine a number of elements selected from different models and you get a *mixed* man. This is the glaring defect of the day. Men do not act upon their individual responsibility. Men who are in the highest position of trust, applauded and crowned, are really afraid of their own shadows. The shrewd politician of the day is he who has no opinions of his own and follows the popular sentiment wherever it may lead. He does not commit himself, unless he can do it with safety to himself. He flits about here and there, and perhaps at the moment of victory, leaps boldly to the front, lays hold upon the battle flag, and professing to lead, but following in fact, secures what are to him the best of trophies—the honor, the money, and the chance of getting more of both. If he fails to succeed, it is attributed to a mere error in calculation, a mistake in determining as to what view a majority would take. Thus the very name (politician) has become a by-word, and term of reproach. What our country wants today, is *true men*,—men who will be as true to principle as the needle to the pole. If such men do fail and fall—if fall they must—they will fall with colors flying, feeling that they attempted to do right; and submit to an honorable defeat,—sometimes more honorable than a triumph. Fraud and corruption, appropriation of property belonging to others or the public, dishonesty in general, in its numerous froms, prompted by the desire to amass wealth, and live as others live, and do as others do,—these are things two prevalent in our age to think of its soon becoming a true one. If each were to act in accordance with his own convictions, regardless of the views of his fellowmen, the display of silliness and tinsel would be vastly diminished. There is every incentive for *us*, for *you* young men, (with myself), to use every energy to make the age what it ought to be. Every generation that has preceded us is partially responsible for what we are, and thus we are responsible for what every generation that succeeds us will be, down to the end of time; and the individual is proportionally responsible. Without individuality no man can ever be a *man*—can ever attain permanent success. Every Alpine difficulty must be individually scaled, independent of human assistance. As the oak will soon fall a prey to the merciless blast, when robbed of all its companions, so some men, if robbed of other's help, fall—having breathed other's breath and thought other's thoughts—pushed and forced up by a power outside of themselves. And just as a tree, grown in an open field and always exposed to the storm will successfully resist the elements and become its own protector, so the greater and more numerous difficulties man encounters, the better and stronger he becomes. God and self are the only pass-words to success. I mention as another essential element to true manhood. Second, *Honesty*. There are special temptations to the opposite. I refer now particularly to the professions. The lawyer has the opportunity of practicing chicanery upon his client. Indeed this is fostered too by some people who desire a legal opinion, when they need none,—a long, formal instrument, full of "saids" and "aforesaids," when a line would suffice. Charlatanism is the special temptation of the physician. How many exaggerate the disease that the cure may be magnified. Then some people insist on unnecessary drugs, when a mere caution as to food, water or exercise is the only proper remedy. With the clergy is probably a tendency to priestcraft. All professions and trades, present some form of temptation to men. Every virtue is simulated, every honorable trait of character counterfeited, and men in the presence of God and with His name on their lips, will even assume the garb of religion in which to perpetuate their evil designs. What a miserable caricature of the heart is a man's face, too often. No true man can be insincere. To be insincere is to be false, and the false can never be true. The true man is pure in his motives, frank in his manner, candid in his statements. "His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles." The infidel is better than the hypocrite; the open, defiant, transparent villain is a thousand fold higher type of man than the cowardly, sneaking, designing trickster. If there is any one vice upon earth worthy of the desecration of the race and the abhorrence of God, it is that of dishonesty, insincerity, and deceit. The true man is as clear as crystal, because he has nothing to conceal, and the streams of influence that flow from him are as limpid as the water that trickles from the mountain side. Again, to be a true man you must be in the third place, *Earnest*. We live in an age of progress. Talk of the Past as you will—of its heroes, and men who made it what it was; read its tremendous struggles and its mighty deeds, but where in all the past centuries has it been so great and grand a thing to be a *man* as now? If we have any virture as an age it is that of push,—intense activity in the realm of mind and matter. Appliances for the former. Secret vaults of the earth unlocked and made to display their wealth in almost an instant. Vessels sailing on white wings swiftly over the sea. Everything is pressed into utility. Thousands owe the source of their livelihood to a single conception of the human brain. A Frenchman retains the shadow of objects on a polished plate, and to-day the human face becomes immortal, and the lineaments of those we love are caught just as they are, and perpetuated long after those we loved are gone to dust. *Daguerre* has thrown an industry upon the world, that is as wide as the world in its extent. Science is pushing her investigations to a hazardous extent. One of the most recent instances of martyrdom in the cause of science, is that of an earnest young German physician, named Obermeir. A few years ago the cholera raged in Berlin. Pestilence was swiftly on the wing. The government issued a commission for the most exhaustive inquiry into its history and mode of propagation, to investigate as to the poison and its effectual treatment. This brave young man, 30 yrs. old, devoted himself to the work and thought that he had discovered the clue, and with a heroism far above that of the battle-field, resolved to test his discovery upon himself. He obtained from one of his patients some of the deadly choleric germ, and went deliberately to his room, placed a table with paper and pencil by his bed-side, lay calmly down upon the bed, opened a vein in his arm and inserted the deadly poison. He thought he had discovered how to neutralize it; if so, man was forever master of the pestilence. He was wrong—his error fatal. He lived seven hours, then died; but during those hours, the young hero observed, with scientific exactness, the effects and progress of the disease upon himself, noting his observations down, one after another, until the very half hour, in which his spirit left the body. The notes are pronounced to be of the highest value. The dying legacy of Obermeir may yet lead to the victory to achieve which cost him his life. The intellectual and literary activities of the age are just as earnest. To be a true man, you must catch in this respect at least the spirit of the Present, whatever else you may get from the Past. In the Present we are to grapple and act our part, The Past has done its work. We must fulfil our mission in the Present. To-day, is the watchword given us by revelation. A true man, earnest in his calling, is a tower of strength, and a blessing to all around him. I would be false to my calling, and stop short of the completion of my subject did I fail to mention a fourth essential element to true manhood; to wit, *Christianity*. Indeed it is the sum and substance of all the elements. Without it, no man can lay claim to virtue, sobriety,—in short, to manhood. In it lies the PERFECTION of manhood. It is decreed by the Eternal Himself as indespensable. Having Individuality,—Honesty of purpose, Earnestness of feeling, and the love of Christ in the heart, man is true and great—invested with an immortality that shall never fade. Education, supplemented with such forces as these, will make every man fight a *good* fight, achieve valorous deeds, win glorious victories, be the contest where it may. True manhood is gotten only by all these elements combined. Take these all, and you will rear for yourselves a monument around whose base the influences of evil may rage and dash all to no purpose, because it rests on right and reaches with its top into Heaven.

A WONDERFUL RIFLEMAN.

Dr. Carver Striking Five-Cent Pieces In The Air With Single Bullets.

Dr. W. F. Carver, the famous rifleman, gave the first of his series of exhibitions in the Brooklyn Driving Park yesterday afternoon. There was but a very small attendance, and this seemed, to a certain extent, to dishearten the marksman. It was long past 3 o'clock when he made his appearance, clad in a blue suit and white flannel shirt and wearing a grey, soft felt hat, with an enormous brim. The championship belt encircled his waist and on his breast he wore the massive gold medal won recently in California by beating John Petty in a glass-ball shooting-match. He was accompanied by "Texas Jack," who loaded the rifle for him. A barrel of glass balls was brought upon the ground, and his agent having sorted them, threw one up in the air. It was instantly broken by the Doctor's rifle-shot. After about a dozen practice shots he settled down to work.

The first item was breaking as many balls as he could out of a hundred. The balls were thrown up, slowly. In the first fifteen shots he missed two; in the next three only one, and then scored fifteen on a run. He made 91 out of the possible 100. He then fired at balls thrown repeatedly in the air, using only the right arm. He broke several. Trade dollars were then thrown. He struck them in the centre or sideways or any way their owners desired. With a number of half dollar pieces he made clean holes through the centre. One of the spectators asked him to cut the head of the "Goddess of Liberty" from one of the new dollar pieces. It was thrown up in the air by its owner and it came down with the head missing. This shot was vigorously applauded. Quarter dollar pieces were then taken up. Their owners wanted the doctor to mark them as souvenirs of the meeting. They were thrown up and were struck almost in every case on the first attempt by a bullet from the unerring rifle. Even 5-cent nickle pieces Dr. Carver hit with equal accuracy, and Texas Jack, to further test his skill, collected some small boards and threw them up. The doctor hit them, and with a second shot struck the splinters before they reached the ground.

The doctor was next asked to show in what length of time he could break 100 glass balls. His attendant began to throw them up at a terrific rate. The Doctor fired away steadily, and never dropped his rifle from his shoulder except to change for about two seconds on one occasion. The wind was blowing rather strongly across the range and considerable dust was flying; the heat was also oppressive. When he had fired his 122d shot the order to stop was given. It was found that he had broken 108 balls in 3 minutes and 53 seconds. This was regarded as a wonderful feast, under the circumstances, and he was warmly applauded, especially by a party of Cubans who were on the ground and who manifested much interest in the exhibition.

A ball was thrown from a distance of thirty yards straight at the marksman. The first two shots missed, but the third broke the ball, and he repeated the feat several times afterwards in succession, to the fast bowling of Texas Jack. He then made one of his most wonderful shots—that of breaking two balls thrown into the air at the same time. He made several misses in attempting this shot, but ultimately accomplished the feat, repeated it a number of times in succession. A metal ball weighing a quarter of a pound and having a bell inside which rang when it was struck was afterwards thrown. The doctor hit it twice before it touched the ground. On one occasion the ball was thrown right over the heads of the spectators. The Doctor, seeing the danger, did not shoot, and ordered the crowd to get out of the way. The ball struck a Brooklyn boy named John Showback in the back of the head, knocking him unconscious and inflicting an ugly wound. After this Dr. Carver made some fancy shots hitting peanuts and ginger snaps.

Another exhibition will be given in the same place at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A FEW DROPS OF AMMONIA WILL SAVE MUCH WORK.

House-keepers should purchase a supply of ammonia to use in house cleaning. The husband has everything to lighten his labors. Now suppose his wife had her bottle of ammonia to use. she takes a basin of water and a clean cloth, puts on a few drops of the fluid, and wipes off all the dirt; it is worth more than a half day's hard labor and does not hurt the paint either. She could put a few drops in her dishwater, and see how easily the dishes could be cleaned; a few drops on a sponge would clean all the windows in the sitting room, making them shine like crystal. It would take the stains off teaspoons too, and a tablespoonful in the mop-pail would do more toward washing up the kitchen floor than ten pounds of elbow grease applied to the mop handle. A housewife has just as much right to make her work easy and expeditious as her husband has. If she does not do it, the fault is her own in a great measure.—Farm and Fireside.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

BARGAINS.

Bargains!

Bargains!

In MEN'S and BOYS,

BOOTS and SHOES!

also a LARGE VARIETY of

CHILDREN'S SHOES, at

LOUIS DOLL'S Shoe Store,

opposite the Bush house, Bellefonte, room formerly occupied by John Powers. apr25y

—Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm. Wolf's store.

.....Special Notices.....

PIMPLES,

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, FRECKLES PIMPLES and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 ct. stamp, Ben. Vandell & Co., 32 Ann St., N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 26 different artistic designs. The entire pack sent free for 25 cts currency or stamps. Van Vleif & Co. 20 Ann St., N.Y.

$57.60 AGENTS profits per Week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 216 Fulton St., New York.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., New York. 24 jan 6ms.

Spring Mills O. K!

NEW ROOM! NEW GOODS!

at I. J. Grenoble's Store!

SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED!

Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic

DRYGOODS!

Full lines of

MERINO UNDERWEARS,

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

And the most complete assortment of

NOTIONS

n Central Pennsylvania, and prices that will compel you in self defence to buy of hm. Also Fish, Salt, etc. 18oc

A full line of Howe Sewing Machines and Needles for all kinds of machines.

GRAIN CRADLES

a specialty at Rock Bottom Prices.

MRS. HARRIET FIGLES,
FASHIONABLE DRESSMAK'R
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Offers her services to the ladies of Centre Hall and vicinity, in all kinds of work pertaining to dress making. Terms reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed. Kindly solicits a share of patronage. 2 may 3m

GRAHAM & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

HAVE THE FINEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Ladie's fine Button Boots,	$1.75
Ladie's Lasting Gaiters,	1.00
Ladie's Lasting Slippers,	.50
Ladie's Lasting Tip Gaiters,	1.25
Ladie's Coarse Shoes,	1.00
Gent's fine Calf Boots, handmade,	3.50
Gent's Alexis Buckle Shoes,	1.50

All kind of PLOW SHOES for Men and Boys.

The latest style of LADIE'S FRENCH HEEL BOOTS, made on the French Last. Call and see them. A fine stock of the Best Buenos Ayres Sole Leather, Calf Skins. Keeps Lasts, Pegs, etc. always a full STOCK.

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

At the

BISHOP STREET BAKERY,

is now making the very best BREAD, CAKES AND PIES, in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEP

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. July 18,'78.

☞ TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance;* $2.50 *when not paid in advance. Advertisements* 20cts *per line for three insertions, and* 5 *cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 *cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of* 20cts *as formerly when paid by themselves.*

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 893, I. O. of O. F., meets every Thursday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
S. K. EMERICK, Sec'y. B. D. BRISBIN, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. D. C. KELLER W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 98, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Union county sells hay at $7 and $8 per ton.

——Union county has a three quarters wheat crop.

——Weather still on the borders of 90 in the shade up to this date.

——Our farmers are about through harvesting—some finished last week.

——In some sections of this county apples will be scarce in others plenty.

——Presbytery of Huntingdon meets at Lemont first Tuesday of October.

——A good suit of Clothes for $5,00 at Guggenheimer & Co's. A white shirt for 75cts.

——Time for holding court has been changed from 4 to 3 Monday of August.

——Mr. Wm. Galbraith, of this town sends us an oats-stalk 5 feet 8 in. long and says he had one of 6 feet. He can take a front seat and safely bet on Dill.

The wheat crop of Pennsvalley, and we may say of the entire county, will average from 20 to 25 bushels to the acre. Oats, rye and barley also good.

——There are still some more men who can raise tall wheat—Philip Durst is one of them. He sends several stalks to this office, measuring 6 feet. The band can serenade Mr. Durst, and Andy Dill too.

——Whatever tends to keep the blood pure surely tends to prolong life. Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture by its specific action upon the blood keeps it always in a condition of purity.

——See adv. of Penn Hall Academy. Prof. Wolf, so well known as one of the best educators in the state has engaged as an assistant Mr. J. M. Evans, who is also well qualified.

——If you want a real good and cheap summer suit, go to the Eagle Clothing Hall, J. Newman, jr., Bellefonte, and you will make a bargain. The largest stock always in the county

——Mr. J. Fearon Mann has provided himself with a telephone from the axe factory to the polishing shop, a ditance of nearly 1 mile, at a cost of about $50. This is the only telephone in the county, we believe, and Mr. Mann says he would not do without it. We had a talk through it the other day, "with the man at the other end" and can assure our readers that the great discovery is all that has been said about it in the Reporter or any other paper. You can converse with another person, distant 10, 20 or 30 miles as though you were face to face, and in this respect we think the telephone far surpasses the telegraph which can only be used by one who has learned to be an operator.

——The reputation of the Bush house under Mr. M'Collum, is spreading. It is first class in every respect, and charges low. Mr. M'C. is a prince of a landlord, and his clerk, Mr. Cromley, pleasant and obliging making all around cheerful. Try the Bush house.

——Bunnell & Aikens music store, Allegheny street, Bellefonte, is the place to go to for an instrument or Sewing machine. New 13 stop, Taylor organs, price $340; for only $110 each. New 9 stop organs for $70—price $270. New Sewing machines complete for $25. We can recommend this firm, but they are already known so well as to guarantee to all satisfaction who deal with them.

——In this issue we print the address of Rev. W. E. Fisher, at the annual exhibition of the P. V. Institute. It is replete with good instruction for young men, and profitable reading for all.

——The Ref. S. S. of Centre Hall will hold a basket picnic and ice cream festival in Witmer's Grove, Sat. July 27. All are invited. Profits for the benefit of the school.

——First class Italian marble,—the only place to get a fine tombstone at very low price, is at Heisler's Bellefonte Marble Works.

——A choice lot of stoneware, wholesale to merchants, and retail to others, at very low figures, at Sechler's, Bellefonte. Also, the choicest lot of queensware in the county.

——Peter Ripka, of Potter twp., sent us some rye stalks measuring 7 feet and 4 inches. If Peter don't keep a sharp look out, and hide himself, the Loop band will serenade him. Its democratic rye that he raises.

——Some one invaded the granery of neighbor Jacob Dinges, last Saturday night and helped himself to a lot of his hams and dry beef, and also to some hams that belonged to Mrs. Carrie E. Wolf.

——Why should you bring your butter and eggs to Guggenheimer & Co?

Because they will give you a higher price, and will sell you any kind of goods cheaper than you can buy them anywhere in this county.

——Dry goods, ladies dress goods, notions, groceries, ready made clothing, hats, caps, boots and shoes, cheaper then elsewhere, at Hoffer's, Brockerhoff block, headquarters for all kinds of goods.

——Penn's Valley Institute. The Fourth Session of this Classical and Normal Institute will open on Monday, July 22, 1878, and continue ten weeks.

Special time and attention given to the preparation of teachers for the work of the school room. LECTURES, on interesting topics, will be delivered. Instruction in VOCAL MUSIC by a first class teacher.

Tuition according to branches studied,—payable at the opening and middle of the Session. Music and drawing extra.

Boarding, including room, from $2.75 to $3,00 per week:—club rates to suit taste and purse.

The Principal will be assisted by PROF. JOHN KLINE, A. B., of Pleasant Gap.

Give us a call.

——The cheapest dusters, and nicest and best fitting shirts, at Newman's Clothing Hall, where you can get a whole suit, from hat down to boots for about half what others will charge you.

——Fresh drugs and medicines at Frank Green's, the oldest drug establishment in the county. All kinds of useful fancy articles, coal oil, trusses, canes, pens, ink, brushes, choicest lot of fishing tackle, &c., &c., in the Bush house block, Bellefonte.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned not to purchase or in any way meddle with the following personal property to wit: one horse, one set harness, one cook stove, one cupboard, one sink, one table, one stand, beds, bedding, one buggy together with all the property of P. C. Frank, as I have this day purchased the same at Constable's sale and loaned them to Mrs. P. C. Frank during my pleasure. HENRY BOOZER.
Centre Hall, June 29, 1878. July11 3t

SELECT SCHOOL:

A school will be opened in Centre Hall on Monday July 29 inst., to continue ten weeks.

Special Instruction in School, Economy, "Methods of Instruction," and Manuel of Methods to those preparing to teach.

Terms: Primary course $2.50 per term,
Higher " 3,00
Normal " 4,00
18 July. W. A. KRISE.

REBERSBURG AND VICINITY.

Well, we had our fourth of July, frolicas usual, a pack of fire crackers, a fire ball and a few anvil discharges. The Brass Band celebrated for its "Rub-be-dub-dub" —music paraded the street and was much applauded by the crowd which had gathered for the usual emergency.

We are now in the midst of harvest. Every body has over an overage crop. Hay is very plenty too. No body needs to starve.

A foot race came off on last Saturday evening. The Racevi were Shem Spigelmyer jr. Lawrence Leitzel and Jonathan Kreamer. They gave Kreamer 10 paces start, Spigelmyer came off best by five paces. The other two were equal; distance 75 yards. The annual fairs will soon be upon us, boys improve your chances, practice makes perfect in most "business."

A few days ago while Usebius Hearshey was endeavoring to head off a bull, near his home, he ran over him and tramped the helpless Evangelist fearfully. At last accounts the Reverant was recovering.

The Allbright Mill property, which has recently been bought and repaired by John Stoner is now ready for business under the management of J. N. VanOrmer a tip top whole souled fellow and "a little dog in under the wagon," Success to you James.

There are no less then 50 subscribers to the Green back journal in our valley, many have discovered the scheme and pronounce it a Green one too.

HEW MOR.

——The Centre Hall Band intends holding a pic-nic on the top of the mountain, Aug. 3. A platform will be erected for dancing, refreshments will also be furnished.

INDIANS—A BAD DEFEAT.

A Umatilla courier from Portland, July 7th, with the following dispatches, arrived here, addressed to Governor Chadwick:

We are in great danger here from the Indians. Our troops that went to the front from here fifty strong were attacked today at Willow Springs, and from those who got in there must be over half, if not two-thirds, killed. Of those who are in, three men are wounded, and they report that several others were wounded before they got out. We have about three hundred men here, and not one-half of them are armed. One hundred foldeirs left here at 7 P. M, to the relief of our men.

Washington, July 8.—An official dispatch states that the Umathela Indians fought 400 hostile Snakes all day July 2d, killing thirty and losing two.

MARKETS.

Philahelphia, July 15.—Flour, superfines, $2.50@3; extras, $3@4. Wheat dull and lower; red, $1; amber, $1; new white, $1.14@1.16. Corn lower and wegk; yellow, 48c.; mixed, 45c for July and August. Oats quiet and firm; Pennsylvania and western white, 33@34c; western mixed, 31@32c. Rye, 50@53c. Butter steady creamery, 16@19c; Bradford county and New York extras, 14@16c. Eggs, Pennsylvania, 11@12c, western, 9@10. Caeese dull; New York fancy, 7½@8c, western choice, 7@7½c. Petroleum quiet and steady refined, 10½c.

Chicago, July 15—Wheat in fair demand but lower; No 1 Chicago spring, 95c; No 2 do; 94½c for cash. Corn, 38½@38¾c for cash. Oats, 25¾c for cash. Rye, new, 49c, old, 50c. Barley firmer at 48¼c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, July 15.—Cattle market slow; good cattle 6c, medium 5½c; common 4½@5c. Sheep moderately active sales 7,000 head; good, 4½@4¾c; medium 4@4½c, common 3@3¾c. Hogs dull; sales, 3,000 head. good, 6½@6¾c; medium, 5¾@6¼.

CANDIDATES.

(Cards must be authorized by some responsible person to insure insertion.)

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that C. S. M'Cormick, Esq. of Lock Haven, will be a candidate for President Judge, subject to democratic rules.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that D. G. Bush, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Congress, subject to democratic rules.

ASSEMBLY.

W. A. Murray, of Boalsburg, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic rules.

Wm. L. Musser, of Penn, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic rules.

Sam'l Gilliland, of Harris, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic usages.

Jno. F. Krebs, of Ferguson, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic rules.

SHERIFF.

John B. Leathers, of Howard twp., will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

Jeremiah Tressler, of Harris twp., will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

George Hoffer, of Potter will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

J. S. M'Cormick, of Ferguson, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

L. T. Munson, now of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

John R. Bair, of Penn, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

John Spangler, of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

W. H. Noll, of Spring, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

COMMISSIONER.

J. B. Heckman, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

J. N. Hall, of Howard twp., will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

A. J. Greist, of Unionville, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

Jacob Dunkle, of Walker, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

John Grove, of Potter, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

J. H. Hahn, of Milesburg, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

A. J. Greist, of Unionville, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

George Swab, of Harris, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

John Hoy, jr., of Marion township, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

Michael J. Decker, of Potter, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

H. A. Mingle, of Haines, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Barnhart of Spring township will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

B. F. Leathers, of Unionville, will be a candidate for Treasurer subject to democratic rules.

S. A. M'Quistian, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

P. W. McDowell, of Howard boro., will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

Adam Yearick, of Marion, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. Ehrhard, of Potter, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

PROTHONOTARY.

Samuel J. Herring of Gregg will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

B. F. Shafer, of Walker, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

R. G. Brett, of Ferguson will be a candidate for the nomination of Prothonotary subject to democratic rules.

Mr. S. M. Swartz, of Potter, desires to inform his friends and democrats that he will be a candidate for the nomination of Prothonotary.

G. W. Rumberger, of Patton twp., will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

MR. KURTZ: Please announce that I purpose to be a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, and if so fortunate as to receive the favorable consideration of my fellow democrats in their primary assemblies, will pledge myself, if elected, to a faithful and satisfactory discharge of the duties of the office. S. T. SHUGERT.

J. C. Harper, now of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

REGISTER.

Wm. E. Burchfield will be a candidate for Register, subject to democratic rules.

RECORDER.

Wm. A. Tobias will be a candidate for Recorder, subject to the usages of the democratic party.

COL. THEODORE GREGG'S DEATH.

The death of Col. Gregg, a notice of which will be found in the accustomed place, removes from earth a man remarkable in many respects. His ardent desire for military life resulted in many warm encounters and hair-breadth escapes. He was born near Curtin's Station, and at the age of 17 years commenced his military career by entering the regular service in 1841. He was assigned to Florida, where the Seminole war was in progress, where he distinguished himself for daring acts. In the Mexican war he was made Color Sergeant of the 4th Reg't, U. S. Infantry, and belonged to the same company of which General Grant was 2d Lieutenant. At the battle of Cerro Gordo he was seriously wounded in the left breast, but, bent on accompanying his comrades, he jumped to his feet, again seized the stars and stripes and pushed forward to victory. At the close of this war, he entered the coast marine service, in which he remained until the rebellion broke out, when he hastily made his way to Harrisburg. Determined to join the army with his fellow-citizens, he made inquiry as to where they were located, and succeeded in finding them, when he joined Co. B. 10th Reg't, P. V., as a private, and with the rest, enlisted for three months. At the expiration of this time he immediately returned to Centre county and assisted in organizing Co. A., 45th Reg't, and was made 1st Lieutenant. On the organization of the regiment at Harrisburg, in September, 1861, he was made Regimental Adjutant. In March, 1862, he was made Captain of Co. F., by the unanimous consent of the Company. While in South Carolina, on July 7, 1804, he was made Major of the Regiment, and on the 15th of September, the same year, became Lieutenant Colonel. He was appointed, on July 30, 1864, Brevet Colonel, for gallant conduct. At the battle of People's Farm, Va., Sept. 30, 1864, Col. Gregg was captured and taken direct to Libby prison, where he remained some time, after which he was sent to, and confined in the Danville, Va., prison until March 22, 1865. On the day last mentioned he was paroled and sent to Anapolis and exchanged. Undaunted by the many hardships that he endured, he rejoined his regiment on the 5th of April, and remained with it until the surrender of Lee, being mustered out on the 17th of July, 1865, at Harrisburg. During his connection with the 45th, this gallant soldier participated in every battle in which the regiment was engaged (and they were numerous) except those which took place while he was confined in prison.

In order that our readers may know of his wonderful daring and bravery, we will mention the manner of his conduct before Petersburg The brigade to which the 45th belonged lay near Seminary hill, a short distance from the city. On the summit were rebel fortifications, while on the other side was stationed the 4th Virginia (Confederate) Regiment. From the 18th of June until the 30th, the Union forces were engaged in undermining Seminary hill, the mine resembling a halfmoon. In it were stored five hundred kegs of powder which, on the 30th, were ignited, resulting in an explosion with terrible effects. Gen. Bartlett, commander of the brigade, ordered a charge, and Col. Gregg, with the 45th to support him, dashed into the smoking crater. An eye witness says his cap rested on the back of his head, his shirt was unbuttoned, exhibiting his bare breast, and on his feet were a pair of rough army shoes. Minus a coat and a pair of stockings, with his sword gleaming in the sun-light above him, he rushed in. By this time the rebel regiment mentioned on the other side of the hill had charged upon the 45th. In the mine, face to face, Col. Gregg met the major of this regiment with whom he engaged in a sabre contest. The men, says our informant, were equally matched, and the fight, which lasted ten minutes or more, was a most determined and terrific one. It was a question of life or death, victory or defeat, and with these facts in view, the opposing parties cut and slashed at each other with a vim. In the fight Col. Gregg managed to break the Confederate's sword, when he immediately grabbed him by the neck, gave him a choking and sent him to the rear, under guard as a prisoner of war. Another Confederate took the place of the captured Major and the struggle was renewed. In order to put a quietus to this chap, the Colonel, by a dextrous movement, pierced his enemy's body with his sword, pinning him to the earth. The Fates seemed against the brave man, for no sooner had he freed himself from this man than a third stood before him. Gen. Bartlett, who was lying disabled near by, told him to take his sword as it would be of more use to him. Losing his own in the last contest, he took it and felled his third antagonist, after which he succeeded in cutting his way out in a manner most wonderful. Gen. Bartlett held the mine until 3 o'clock, p. m., when in consequence of the concentration of a whole corps against him, he was compelled to surrender. Before hoisting the white flag Gen. Bartlett gave all a chance to escape through the enfilading fire of the enemy. Col. Gregg, rather than again endure the horrors of prison life, concluded to escape capture or die in the attempt. With this object in view, his agile form was seen to mount the parapet, leap to the ground and run the gauntlet, which he accomplished in safety. His first wound was received at the battle of South Mountain, on the 14th of September, 1862, when he was shot in the right thigh, while Captain of Co. F. The same spirit of enthusiasm took possession of him, and he immediately tied a towel above the wound and went on with the Company. He could not be induced to leave until the Colonel ordered him back.

At the close of the rebellion Col. Gregg came to Centre county and remained here until 1869, at which time he was appointed Lieutenant of the Treasury Watch, at Washington, which position he held until the time of his death. About six weeks since he was compelled, on account of ill health, to relinquish his duties. Tubercular disease of the lungs was the fatal disease which, last Thursday, produced the immediate cause of his death, a violent hemorrhage.

The funeral took place last Sunday afternoon and was conducted in a strictly military manner. Company B., 5th Reg't, fully equipped, and about one hundred old soldiers were present as a mark of respect to the dead hero. His remains were interred in the Cemetery near Curtin's and were followed to the grave by a procession nearly a mile long. The remarks of Rev. J. B. Shaffer, of Milesburg M. E. Church, are spoken of as being very appropriate in every respect.

His comrades of the 45th Regiment have taken steps to erect a suitable monument to his memory, the success of which should not be questioned, for we doubt whether there sleeps beneath the sod man who possessed a brighter or better war record.—*Bellefonte Republican.*

For the Centre Reporter.

SHERIFFALTY.

Fellow Democrats of Pennsvalley, as we are progressing rapidly to the time when we assemble in Convention to nominate our county candidates for offices, one word to you:

The lines have been drawn geographically, and to your side of the mountain has been conceded the sheriffalty. It is to be hoped you will do your duty to the advancement of one of your fellow democrats, one who has twice been before you for the office of sheriff. An old saying the "third time the charm." It remains with you to make this true. Will you do it? All that is needed on your part is unity and harmony of action, and it will be accomplished. In looking over the announcements, we find the name of one candidate particularly worthy of your consideration and support, one whom you are well acquainted with and helped to make. One, in years gone by, you lent your support and influence, and twice sent into the County Convention your entire delegation for him, which speaks words of praise in his behalf.

Two years ago you might say the nomination was his, but by some unknown means he failed to get what really belonged to him, and you—the nomination. He took the defeat like a good and true democrat, which he is, only to return again to do battle in his own behalf, seeking your influence and support as of yore. Will you unite and give him your strength from Democracy's strong-hold? The man is John Spangler, of Centre Hall, one who has always worked hard, using his means and influence for the promotion of his party. You owe him your entire support this time, so be decided and united and you will put into office a man worthy of your support, one who will fill the office with fidelity and to your satisfaction. So fellow democrats, send him over the mountain to the Convention as strong as of yore, and you will receive the necessary delegates from the opposite side of the line to consumate the nomination. The office belongs to you, so help yourselves, and you will be strengthened from this side—which will behoove us this fall to strengthen the ticket all we possibly can. We will need the full vote of the democracy this fall, as our peaceful elements are being disturbed by some of our democratic friends being misled and connecting themselves with the Greenbackers. Why it should be thus, is a mystery, we both advocate the same principles and on the same platform, the only difference will be voting for different candidates. Democrats, do not be misguided, your principles will achieve the victory sought for, by remaining with the party, work and vote with it, and success will crown you this fall, certainly both in state and county.

Mr. S's claims are worthy of our consideration and support. So fellow democrats, let us unite and put into office one worthy of our ballots. CITIZEN.

SHOOTS HIMSELF IN THE MOUTH.

Harris D. Rothermel, cashier of the Mt. Carmel savings bank, at Mt. Carmel, and son of Mr. Isaac Rothermel, of Kelly twp., Union county, committed suicide by shooting himself, on the 2d July, while at his post of duty in the bank.

A Shenandoah Paper Says:

The shooting was done with a small Derringer duelling pistol, but if the pistol was small the ball was not, it being a No. 41 cartridge. An examination proved that the pistol was put right against his mouth and fired, the ball striking the roof of the mouth and coursing upward and backward to the brain, causing instantaneous death.

The causes which led to the rash act seem to be difficult to fathom. He has been in Mt. Carmel for a period of ten years. Shortly after his arrival he was elected Justice of the Peace. Subsequently he became a school teacher, at which profession he remained until 1871, when he was elected cashier of the bank. He was for several years Secretary of the Mount Carmel Building and Loan Association, his term of office expiring some time ago. The Directors of that institution elected him to the same position again the day previous to his death. He was also School Director for a term of three years. Rothermel has throughout his whole career here conducted himself in such a manner as to earn the good wishes of the whole community, and as a consequence they are slow to believe him to have done anything but what was honest and upright in conducting the affairs of the bank. His family consists of a wife and five children, four girls and one boy, the oldest being a girl of fifteen. His wife is almost frantic with grief, while the children can hardly realize the position they have been placed in. If the bank examination should prove Mr. Rothermel to be a defaulter the people say they cannot see how he could have spent any more money than his salary. His salary was small, but both Mr. and Mrs. Rothermel are credited with having been very frugal.

MASSACRE IN THE PACIFIC.

London, July 11, 1878.—A telegram from Sydney, N. S. W., dated July 11, states that two tribes of natives have risen against the French colonial Governor on the island of New Caledonia and massacred 125 whites, including women and children.

They have also captured two military stations.

Spring Mills Market.

White Wheat,	1 00
Red	1 00
Rye,	50c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new,	35c
Oats,	25c.
Buckwheat,	75c.
Cloverseed,	$8.00 to $4.00
Chop, per ton,	$25.00.
Flaster, ground, per ton,	$10.00
Flour, per bbl,	$6.25
Butter,	10c.
Tallow,	7c.
Hams	11c.
Shoulders	8c.
Sides	6c.
Rags,	2c.
Eggs, per doz.,	10c.
Tub washed wool	25c.

DIED.

On the evening of July 4th 1878, at the Curtin House, Central City, Boggs twp., Centre Co. Pa., Colonel Theodore Gregg of Washington City, D. C., aged 54 years.

In Spring township, Wednesday, July 3, 1878, Mrs. Catharine Dailey, aged 50 years.

Penn's Valley Institute.

The fourth Session of this CLASSICAL SCHOOL will commence on the 22 of July, and continue ten weeks. Students of both sexes are admitted; Special attention given to those preparing to teach. Tuition, according to branches studied. Boarding from $3 to $3 50 per week including room. No reduction in tuition will be made on account of absence except in cases of illness. Address. G. W. FORTNEY.
4t Centre Hall, Pa.

EVERYTHING HAS A DOWNWARD TENDENCY!

THE AJOURNMENT of CONGRESS

has had a happy effect in the prices of

GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING, &c.

call at

VALENTINES & CO'S STORES,
Bellefonte.
and judge for yourselves.

The largest stock of Merchandise

IN CENTRE COUNTY.

New Millinery and Fancy Goods Store, at Potters Mills.

MRS. ANNA M. WEAVER

Takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Potters Mills and vicinity, that she will open a NEW and ELEGANT STOCK OF FANCY GOODS, in connection with a Large Stock of *MILLINERY SPRING GOODS.* A full line of Choice and Fashionable Goods always on hand at popular Prices.

Also DRESSMAKING—and takes in all kinds of Family Sewing. Also Hair Dressing, Switches, Curls, Finger Puffs, and Frizzes made out of Combings.

18 ap 3m

DO NOT ATLOW THE FROGS TO BE PARED.

The frog of the foot of every horse is the natural support of the foot, and should never be cut away except to remove the rough edges which occasionally appear from common wear. At a late meeting of the farriers and horseshoers in Wilmington, Del., there was a great deal said in condemnation of the manner in which horses are shod, especially in the rural districts. A lecturer, a veterinary surgeon (according to the New York Herald), said that "the frog of the foot was often pared away so artistically to make a neat job that the tendon or muscle that extended down the leg, over what is known as the pulley bone, and gave the foot its motion, was often injured, and then the horse would be weak in the legs, and blunder. He severely characterized the habit of burning the hoof with a red hot shoe to make it fit, and said there ought to be a law passed to hang any blacksmith who would use red hot shoes in this way. The shoe should be fitted to the shape of the foot, rather than the foot fitted to the shoe."

Senator Kellogg has testified to the forged returns from Louisiana—and he ought to know it.

——There were four deaths from sunstroke at Quincy on 14.

——The New York *Herald* is one of our favorite dailies and the first we open.

JURORS.

Traverse—2 week August.

Ferguson—C B Hess, A Royer, M Rider, J Shadman.
Spring—M J Riddle.
Huston—E C Henderson.
Walker—Wm M'Kean, W P Harris.
Benner—R Conley, J D Wagner.
Penn—P H Stover, D W Zeigler, H H Weiser, Jno Chambers.
Bellefonte—S A M Quistian, J Schofield H Dale.
College—Wm Grove.
Union—Wilson Calhoun, S Brugger.
Snowshoe—R J Haynes.
Harris—Jacob Bower, C B Shaffer.
Rush—D W Holt.

Grand Jurors.

Milesburg—G Gray.
Gregg—I J Grenoble.
Walker—Jno Rodgers.
Boggs—F M'Coy, B Snyder.
Bellefonte—H C Valentine, E C Humes.
Howard boro—N J Mitchell.
Snowshoe—S Y Lucas, L R Lesthers.
Potter—S M Swartz, A Sellers, Epr, Keller.
Haines—J Yarger, N Stover.
Halfmoon—J Bronstitter.
Taylor—Wm Miller.
Patton—S T Gray, A Sellers.
College—Geo Baker.
Liberty—I A Griggle.
Spring—L N Barnhart, M Kerstetter.

Traverse—3 Monday.

Haines—Jas Weaver, Jno Ziegler, H Reinhart.
Huston—A Kreps, W Williams, G W Woodring, H Adams.
Boggs—E Zimmerman, J L Neff, L Curtin.
Gregg—D Bartges, M H Guise, J B Heckman.
Milesburg—O H Wolf, E H Carr.
Benner—A Garberick, A Y Wagner.
Spring—J M Furey, Jas Ross, F Tate, H Kline.
Bellefonte—J Brachbill, C Smith, Jonath Miller, J Schell.
Halfmoon—I Beck.
College—J E Mitchell, J S Foster.
Walker—I Struble.
Miles—H H Miller, H Miller, Jac. Hess.
Snowshoe—Wm Askey, J C Rankin, J Travel.
Howard—M M'Closky, J B Leathers, J C Smith.
Howard boro—A Weber.
Barnside—G R Book.
Worth—A O Richards.
Penn—Wm Smith.
Potter—John Rishel, G W Boal, P Hoffer.
Patton—J W Wasson, J Chambers.
Unionville—T E Greist.

Traverse—4 Monday.

Penn—A O Deininger, S Otto, Wm Gearry.
Walker—A Brungart, Jas Garner, L Zimmerman.
Taylor—D Reese, H Crain, T Moore.
College—H Thompson, P S Dale.
Rush—Wm Hess.
Potter—John Wolf.
Philipsburg—H Stockbridge, C Munson L D Dorn, R Hudson.
Milesburg—D H Parsons, L C Eddy.
Liberty—J A Stover, H Thompson.
Spring—L C Rearick, I Dawson.
Unionville—Jno Alexander.
Marion—H Yoarick.
Halfmoon—A J Thompson, J C Fisher.
Ferguson—David Fye.
Boggs—D B Malone, P H Haupt, H L Barnhart, J S Barret G Noll.
Union—B Alexander.
Bellefonte—Wm Twitmire.
Harris—Cyrus Durst.

PENN HALL ACADEMY.

The next term of the Penn Hall Academy will open Monday July 22. Tuition from $5.00 to $8.00. Boarding with room $2.50 to $2.75 per week. D. M. WOLF, Principal.
18 july 3t.

Power's Shoe Store

HAS BEEN removed from the old room opposite the Bush house to a larger room in the Bush Arcade, for the purpose of carrying a larger stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.,

and all goods belonging to that branch of trade. We now have the largest stock in Centre county, and also the very best quality of goods which can be substantiated by our customers.

We do not propose to quote prices, but let people come and judge for themselves. Further, we will sell the same quality of goods cheaper than any others advertised or unadvertised.

LEATHER.

We also keep on hand Summerville's Celebrated Oak Tanned Leather, which at the Centennial was awarded 2 medals for its superiority over other leather, and sell it cheap as can be bought at the tan yard. Also the best of Hemlock Leather.
Bellefonte, 23 may 2m

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty.

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Traces Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors:

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

THE LOCAL OPTION DOG LAW.—A law making all dogs personal property was passed by the Legislature, the provisions of which are as follows: "For whatever damage dogs may do their owners shall be liable, even for the costs and attorney's fees, if the suits be taken to court. An Annual tax of fifty cents on male and one dollar on female dogs will be levied, which will be kept in a separate account by the county treasurer, from which owners of sheep shall be compensated when dogs deplete their droves, provided that the owners of the dogs cannot be ascertained. If discovered, the latter must make good the loss. Assessors are required to take an account of all dogs in their districts, with the name of the owners. If at the end of the year the amount of money in hands of the county treasurer from this source exceeds a given sum, the surplus is to be divided among the school districts. The adoption of this law is made optional in counties. A ballot shall be taken not oftener than once in two years, upon acceptance or rejection, and it will remain with the voters to pronounce upon the merits of the measure."

DISTURBANCE OF PUBLIC MEETINGS.—The following is the text of the law in reference to the disturbance of public meetinfis, which might be read occasionally by many young men who show their bad breeding while attending some of our churches:

"If any person shall willfully and maliciously disturb or interrupt any society, assembly or congregation convened for the purpose of religious worship or for any moral, social, literary, scientific, agricultural or floral object, ceremony, lecture, examination, or exhibition, such shall on conviction be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, suffer imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both, or either, at the discretion of the court."

THE LAW OF PUBLIC SALES.—In a sale by auction there are three parties, namely: the owner of the property to be sold, the auctioneer and a portion of the public who attend to bid, which, of course includes the highest bidder. The name of the owner must be made public. The articles put up must be sold without reserve and unless the vendor reserves one open bid he cannot bid himself or have the auctioneer or any one bid for him. There are cases on record where a bid was not reserved, and the vendor had a bidder who bought it in, and afterwards suit was brought against the vendor by the highest bidder for the article and it was decided that he (the plaintiff) was the highest bidder and entitled to the article, against the vendor. So, also, if an article is struck off to a person, and it is afterwards ascertained that the vendor or auctioneer practiced fraud, by bidding himself, or had puffers, it was held both by the Courts of England and so repeatedly decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania that the purchaser could not be held, but the purchaser as soon as he discovers the fraud practiced upon him must return or tender the articles to the vendor.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial district consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable James Gamble and Hon. Hiester John Divens, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 1st day of July A. D. 1878, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 3rd Monday of Aug. being the 19th day of August 1878, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do these things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of July in the year of our Lord, 1878, and in the 103 year of Independence of the United States.

LEVI MUNSON Sher

REPORT OF POTTER TOWNSHIP AUDITORS, April, 1878.

SUPERVISORS.

PETER SHIFFLER, DR.

To am't duplicate		$ 909 08
To order on John Emerick		257 43
		1167 31
CR.		
By am't received from suc'r		44 36
" work done and assumed by Shiffler		988 88
" exonerations		19 36
" services		4 71
" paid water places		100 00
		10 00
		1167 31

JOHN SWEENEY, DR.

To order Henry McCloskey		70 00
" duplicate		915 48
" balance		105 76
		1091 24
CONTRA.		
By am't work		986 37
" exonerations		1 07
" error in valuations		3 80
" services		100 00
		1091 24

OVERSEERS.

ROBERT LEE, DR.

To accts. Rishel & Thompson	8 25
" order on H. Shaddow	22 00
" am't duplicate	775 55
" received from Sallie Trieste	145 00
" bal. due Overseer	370 84
	1319 64
CONTRA.	
By order on self	122 50
" " B. Jacobs	11 55
" receipts	889 68
" exoneration	8 12
" bills	42 94
" provisions for John Fye	5 25
" percentage	45 92
" salary	45 00
" Attorney fees for two years	20 00
" error on W. Goheen tax	1 35
" amt't paid John Farner	3 50
" expenses P. Hackman	43 00
" Med. attend. Sallie Trieste	46 50
" " township	35 00
	1319 64

WM. EMERICK, DR.

To am't duplicate	614 58
CONTRA.	
By order of John H. Keller	8 23
" bills paid, including salary	605 23
" exoneration	24
" balance	88

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Two Little Rogues.

Says Sammy to Dick,
"Come, hurry; come, quick!
And we'll do, and we'll do, and we'll do!
Our mamma's away;
She's gone for to stay;
And we'll make a great hullabaloo!
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo!
We'll make a great hullabaloo!"

Says Dicky to Sam,
"Alf weddy I am
To do, and to do, and to do.
But how doeth it go?
I so little know;
Thay, what be a hullabawoo?
Ri too, ri loo, woo, woowoo!
Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"

"Oh! slammings and bangings,
And wibingings and whangings,
And very bad mischief we'll do;
We'll clatter and shout,
And pull things about;
And that's what's a hullabaloo!
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo, loo!
And that's what's a hullabaloo!

"Slide down the front stairs,
Tip over the chairs:
Now into the pantry break through;
We'll take down some dinners,
And other things in there—
All aboard for a hullabaloo!
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo, loo!
All aboard for a hullabaloo!

"Now roll up the table,
Far up as you're able,
Chairs, sofa, big easy-chair too;
Put the poker and vases
In funny odd places:
How's this for a hullabaloo?
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo, loo!
How this for a hullabaloo?

"Let the dishes and pans
Be the womans and mans:
Everybody keep still in their pew!
Mammy's gown I'll get next,
And preach you a text.
Dicky, hush with your hullabaloo!
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo, loo!
Dicky, hush with your hullabaloo!"

As the preacher in gown
Climbed up and looked down
His queer congregation to view.
Said Dicky to Sammy,
"Oh, *dere* comes our mammy!
So'll *theold* for dis hullabawoo,
Ri too, ri loo, woo, woo, woo!
So'll *theold* for dis hullabawoo!

"O mammy! O mammy!"
Cried Dicky and Sammy,
"We'll never again certain true."
But with firm step she trod,
And looked hard at the rod:
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!
Boohoo, boohoo, woo, woo, woo!
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

The Hidden Reward.

A German Duke, of great renown,
Who dwelt quite near a famous town,
Clothed like a beggar, placed one day
A large stone in the king's highway.
'Twas near his grand old palace gate,
And there he sat him down to wait.

Soon came that way young peasant Bart,
With oxen strong and lumbering cart,
"This rock will not get moved by me.
This is the Duke's affair," cried he.

Next a gay soldier marched along,
With cockade hat and merry song;
Too high he looked the stone to see,
So fell, of course, and cried, "Ah me!
Misfortune take the blockheads all
Who caused like this a brave man's fall!"

Soon merchants came, bound for the fair,
With horses fine and offerings rare;
To'scape the stone they fled each side
(The loads were broad, the road not wide),
"How long," they jeered, "will that rock stay,
And thus impede the Duke's highway?"

The Duke sent out his writ of state
For all to gather at the gate.
The place was thronged on either side
Bwich and poor from far and wide.
Then in the road in rich array,
Appeared the Duke, and thus did say:
"This rock, good friends, was placed by me,
That I your shiftlessness might see."
With his own hands aside he rolled
The stone, and showed a pot of gold
That lay beneath, a precious gift,
For him who should the stone uplift.

—Annie A. Preston.

A Moonlight Ride and Its Results.

Many years ago, when the city of Providence was quite a village, an old house stood in a lonely place a couple of miles from town. It was in the center of a large tract of land that had once been laid out in walks, and garden spots, and miniature lakes, for the occupants of the house had cultivated tastes, and the money with which to gratify them, so you may be sure it was a very beautiful place.

But one dreadful night a murder was committed there, and then the house was vacant for years, for the people, more superstitious in those days than they are now, believed that ghosts inhabited it, and no one could be found who would live in it. There it stood year after year, uninhabited and alone, the lovely flowers choked with weeds, the once well-kept walks overgrown with clover and grass, the fruit ripening and falling ungathered to the ground, for no school-boy, however daring, ventured to enter those walls.

At the time my story opens, a party of young men, my grandfather among the number, had planned a moonlight excursion, on horseback, to a neighboring town, and after some debate as to the place of meeting, they decided on the front yard of this old house, as they did not believe in ghosts, and the selection of the place exactly suited them.

My grandfather arrived first at the place of meeting, and, tying his horse, he sat down on the door-stone to await the coming of his companions. It was very still. No sound was to be heard save the occasional note of the whip-poor-will, or the chirping of some insect.

He had sat upon the step some minutes, and had become quite lost in meditation, when he was startled by three loud raps, breaking the stillness of the evening air, followed by a deep, sepulchral voice, saying: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!" My grandfather jumped to his feet and looked around, but could see nothing. He pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming, and peered round the corners, and into the windows of the house, and finally concluding it was his imagination playing him a trick, he seated himself again on the door-stone. He had not sat long, however, when the three loud raps rang out again sharply, and the same deep voice said after them, in measured accents, the words uttered before.

This time my grandfather was convinced that he was not dreaming. Great drops of perspiration stood out upon his brow. He arose and looked all around him as before, but could discover nothing. He then walked to the gate to look for his companions, but none of them were in sight.

"I should not care to tell them, if they were here," he muttered to himself as he returned to the house, and commenced to pace back and forth, for he could not again sit down.

"What could it have been?" he suddenly exclaimed, in a resolute tone, as he stopped in his walk. "If it is a ghost, it cannot harm me, and come what will, I am determined to solve this mystery." So saying, he opened the door and went into the hall, but there was nothing to be seen save several bats flapping their wings in the damp air. The paper hung from the walls in long shreds, and was covered with mould, and the accumulated dust of years. The noise had seemed to come from above, so he began to ascend the stairs, which were very old and rickety, and threatened to give way at every step. As he got near the top, the moon shone out suddenly from behind a cloud with a strange brilliancy that gave a weird, ghostly look to everything around. My grandfather stopped, uncertain whether to proceed or go back before it was too late. His heart beat so loudly he could hear it, and his knees knocked together so he could hardly stand. Just here the three loud knocks began again, and decided him. He bounded forward, and just as his head appeared above the landing, he saw, sitting on the floor by a window in the hall, a poor old man, with long white hair streaming over his shoulders, and a cane in his hand, with which he gave the three raps.

My grandfather recognized him as an old man who had wandered about Providence and vicinity for years, sometimes begging his bread, sometimes living upon the fruits and nuts he gathered in the woods.

He was slightly deranged, but as he had no friends, and was perfectly harmless, the city authorities had allowed him to go his way unmolested. This poor old man had taken up his abode in the uninhabited house, and in his crazy fancy, believing himself the judge of the dead, he had given the raps and spoken the words, which had always been attributed to ghosts.

Of course this discovery exploded the ghost story, and my grandfather was quite a hero for some time among the young people of Providence, and what was better still, the poor, half crazy old man was taken care of by the citizens ever afterwards.—*Mrs. J. C. Haslitt.*

Where They Come From.

You'll be shocked, I fear, when I tell you that your doll came out of a rag-bag, her curls from the back of a goat, and her elegant china tea-set out of a mud-hole.

But what will you say when I tell you that your jelly is made out of old boots, and your delightful perfumery from horrid-smelling coal tar?

You don't own all the made over things in the family, either. Johnnie's new beaver cloth overcoat was worn out on the back of a beggar, and perhaps even played the part of a scare-crow in some farmyard, before it began to come up in the world again; and the "table-gelatine," which every one of the family likes to eat, once did duty as skin on the back of a rat.

It is really wonderful to trace things back, and see where they come from, and which has reason to boast of his ancestors. Queer stories you would hear if the things around you could tell their history. There's your tatting-shuttle. It once made itself useful as a bone in a horse, while the ivory dice in the backgammon board adorned the jaws and crushed the oats of another of the race.

The pearl of your paper knife lined the shell house of a modest little creature at the bottom of the sea, while mamma's shell comb was the comfortable roof over a sea tortoise.

Your guitar strings were indispensable to the eternal comfort of some poor pussy or unfortunate sheep, and your piano would be but a dumb wooden box without some of the same internal arrangements of a horse.

Your nice hair brush first saw the light on the skin of a hog. The crinoline that stiffens the bottoms of ladies' dresses was used originally to switch the flies from the backs of horses, and the mattress on which you sleep so comfortably served the same use before it fell into the manufacturer's hands.

Your dainty toilet soap—dear me, how can I tell you!—was made of dead cats and dogs found in the streets, and the "bitter almonds" which so delightfully flavor your candy, came from the horrible-smelling coal tar, while the choicest ale is deliciously flavored with—putrid cheese.

The scent bags of that offensive animal, the skunk, furnish some desirable additions to the toilet table, used for removing freckles and tan, and the dreadful stuff left in drains is turned into a fashionable toilet article, and adorns the face of ladies.

To be sure, these disagreeable materials have some pretty rough handling before they come out in their new colors. The old boots, for instance. They do not step from the gutter into the jelly kettle, by any means. They go through a long process of washing and soaking in lye, and smoking with sulphur, and steaming and boiling, before they come out white and delicate and fit for the table.

The coal tar to grow into perfumery goes through the hands of chemists, who treat it so I don't know what dreadful chemical processes; and the dead cats and dogs are boiled, to extract the grease, purified, whitened and perfumed before we see them as soap.

The doll whose ancestors inhabited a ragman's den, endured unheard of operations of washing, soaking, bleaching, chopping, moulding and so forth, before she took her place in the nursery to amuse the little folks, and the clay from the mud-hole was washed, and purified, and whitened, and kneaded, and baked and glazed, before it ventured to call itself china, and take its place on the tea-table.

The horse tails that stiffen the dresses and stuff our mattresses are washed, and soaked, and boiled, and baked before we use them, and the intestines which make the voice of guitar and piano went through long processes of scraping, soaking in lye, and washing, before they were drawn out into the fine, tough skins with which you are familiar.

The rat skin which we eat under the name of gelatine first flourished as the thumb of a kid glove, and after being worn out in that capacity went through ever so many purifying processes, somewhat as the old boots did, and ended on our table.

Nearly all the things we throw away in alleys, or even through our drains, the most disgusting things you can think of, are valuable, and after going through the hands of skilful workmen, come out in new shapes, and have new fields for usefulness.

The feats of old-fashioned fairies, who turned pumpkins into carriages, and old gowns into elegant robes, do not compare with the wonders performed in our work-shops by rough-looking men in shirt sleeves and white aprons.—*Olive Thorne.*

Using the Wire.

The International Telegraphic Bureau at Berne, Switzerland, publishes statistics of telegraph communication, of which the following is the substance:

For Europe, India, and the United States together, the average number of telegrams sent was 163 per 1,000 inhabitants, with thirty-six metres (forty feet) of wire per square kilometre. The Swiss make most use of the wire, sending 1,094 telegrams per 1,000 inhabitants. After Switzerland ranks Great Britain, with 690 telegrams per 1,000 inhabitants, but with a much greater intensity of wire. In Switzerland there were 385 metres of wire per square kilometre, while in England there were 580 metres to the same area. Third on the list ranks Holland, with 610 telegrams per 1,000 inhabitants, and 384 metres of wire per square kilometre. The United States, Belgium and Denmark follow with about 540 telegrams per 1,000 inhabitants; Norway add Wurtemberg with 408 and 417 per 1,000 inhabitants; Bavaria with 378; Germany and France with 297 and 296; Sweden with 253; Austria with 229; Italy with 202; Hungary with 173; Roumania with 169; Portugal with 136; Spain with 93; and, lastly, Russia with forty eight. Belgium has the largest proportion of wire per square kilometre, where it amounts to 782 metres. England, as above mentioned, has 580 metres per square kilometre; Germany, 321 metres; France, 275; Holland, 384, and Italy, 266 metres.

Curious Cause of Death.

From a Marseilles (France) paper we learn that a soldier has just died in the military hospital under the following singular circumstances. He had been suffering for some weeks from severe attacks of headache, which totally incapacitated him for his duties, and eventually forced him to enter the hospital. Here the next morning he was found dead in his bed, and there being no assignable cause for his death a post-mortem was ordered. The result of the medical examination revealed the mystery. In the man's brain was found a thick tuft of hair, which science is of opinion had been there since his earliest childhood, and, growing with his growth, had ultimately occasioned death. The young man's parents, on being questioned, stated that in his infancy he had received a violent blow on the head from the fall of a chimney ornament, and that after the bruise had healed the mother remarked that the hair on the injured spot had turned inward, but, thinking the matter of no importance, she had paid no attention to it.

SOME DIRECTORY ODDITIES.

What is Found in the Last One Just Issued in New York—History Again Refuted.

The directory for 1878 and '79 has made its appearance, says a New York paper, and can be distinguished from all other books by the reckless manner in which it is shoved around in obscure corners. It contains 267,727 names, being an increase of 9,037 over last year's returns.

In glancing casually over the names, some startling facts are discovered, and it is found that there are among us 328 Kings, seventy-three Lords, fifty Nobles, twenty-four Dukes, twelve Queens, five Marquises, one Count, but no Sovereign, which makes it unpleasant as well as unfortunate, but in the absence of this dignitary, consolation is found in the fact that the other nobility are strengthened by three Counts, thirty-nine Judges, and two Lawyers; and if worse comes to worse the militia, which consists of twenty-six Majors eight Sergeants, one Private, and eighteen Gunns can be relied upon. They have with them six Drums and one Fife. In the Sutlers' Camp are 283 Bakers and thirty-seven Butchers. It may seem strange, but they carry with them three Derricks, to hoist—probably—the twenty-nine Bulls, nine Steers and one Ox.

Much has been said and written about Mark Twain's speech on New England weather, but right here, in this little city of New York, we have eighty-three Winters, six Summers, twenty-seven Springs, but no Autumn; however, this will be looked into next year.

It may not be generally known, but in this city are thirty-nine Skinners and three Beets. This looks bad for New York after all that has been done to evangelize the city, but there are three Nunnerys here containing 107 Parsons, eighty-five Deans, a great many Bishops and fifteen Priests, who have promised to carry the good work on. Should they fail, there are now in readiness fifty-four Coffins and thirty-five Graves to place the evil-doers into.

The orphans will be provided for—intellectually—as there are two Schools and one Schoolhouse, with nine Masters, four Heads and one Schoolmaster. They already contain two Scholars.

The horticultural department is in a flourishing condition, the city florist having lately added 720 (sweet) Williams, 130 Roses, one Daisy, two Pinks and a couple of Onions, the latter being of a rare species. Near these have been three Nutmegs, six Lemons, thirteen Beans and seven Nuts, whose growth will be watched with interest; their failure, however, is predicted, as seven Lions, nine Peacocks, four Stags and thirteen Bears are allowed to roam about in the inclosure.

The ponds contain thirty six Fish, twenty-eight Herring, 18 Pike, ten Haddock, three Eels, one Shark and a Smelt. They suffer for room, as a Ship with six Sailors was launched there recently.

There are twenty Houses, who are constantly annoyed by sixty-four Kats and a Mouse, and in the absence of any dogs, the Mouse is conqueror.

In other cities they are satisfied with a black and white population; not so here, though, for we find 610 Whites, 111 Blacks, 276 Greens, 190 Grays and four Blues. Among them are some who are Short and others Long; then there are Longfellows, Longstreets, Longacres, and some who have one Soul and one Bodie.

Dr. Crosby's society has done some good work, but missed six Bars in their hunt. The stock in these places foots up in barrels 140 Porters, fifty-five Stouts, thirty Sherrys, twenty-three Beers, three Ginns and one Wine. In one of the back rooms was found an old trunk, probably stolen, which contained one Cup, seventeen Hammers and two Files. It was subsequently learned that these were left by ten Tanners, frequenters of the place.

Notwithstanding the great influx of English sparrows into this country, it is found that this city is well enough stocked with birds. There are 609 Martins, seventy-two Robbins, two (American) Sparrows, thirteen Pidgeons, fifty-seven other Birds, five Jays and a Jaycock.

The streets are crowded by the poor people every day, and it is a source of gratification to know that there are at least eight Luckey men in this town, yet sad as it may seem, still it is a fact, that almost any day can be seen eight Luney people and one Luhn wandering around at random.

That the directory should furnish evidence destructive to the Darwinian theory, may appear to be an idiotic declaration, but it tells us that not only Adam and Eve, but nineteen Adams and an Eve are living here, and if further evidence were necessary, it may not be generally known that the four walls of the Empire city contain sixty-five Jacobs and three Esaus.

In this large city there is only one man, Single; this statement is made in spite of any ridicule that may be cast upon it.

How it can be possible that there are thirty-seven Barbers and only one Shaver, is a mystery, unless, perhaps, the thirty-seven are related to that Gab family and know not of the virtue of a quiet shave-r.

The almost daily occurrence of some atrocious and blood-curdling atrocity may account for there being only one Heart in this city, and he, it is said, lives in one of those three castles on Castlebarg, in apparent seclusion.

The fact that history is a liar has been proven over and over again, and now it is shown that a Lie, the color of which is of so deep a hue, that it were base flattery to call it by any other name, is nailed and held up to be riddled and scoffed at by an outraged community.

Andrew Jackson is alive, and so are five of them, and so are five George Washingtons! What is history now! Of what benefit are schools? Stop—let's see. Where are we now? Ah! another thing, there is that lame yarn about John Smith. Why, in this little burg alone there are 3,552 Smiths! and their cousins, the Mc's, 10,020; but lack of space forbids, at this writing, the unearthing of any further inconsistencies of that thing called history.

Laying Back the Ears.

The expressive gestures which many animals make with their ears are matters of familiar observation. None of them is more significant than the drawing back and pressure of the ears to the head, which indicates a savage frame of mind, Mr. Darwin, in his recent work on the means of expression in men and animals, gives an ingenious explanation of this movement. He observes that it is only found in species which fight with their teeth. All the carnivora do this, and all, so far as he has observed, draw back their ears when feeling savage. This may be continually seen with dogs fighting in earnest, or puppies fighting in play. Cats, tigers, leopards, lynxes, show the same peculiarity. It is very noticeable in horses, and the vicious expression it gives to them is unmistakable. But cattle, sheep or goats, though they fight, never use their teeth in fighting, and never draw back their ears when enraged. The elephant, which fights with its tusks, does not retract his ears, but, on the contrary, erects them, when rushing at an enemy. The connection between biting, as a means of warfare, and laying back the ears, as a sign of anger, is so uniform, and the exceptions are so few, that Mr. Darwin's explanation of the origin of the habit is highly probable. He says that animals which fight in this way, try to bite each other's ears; and, reversely, being conscious that the ear is a weak point of attack, lay it back upon the head to keep it out of the way. This habit being deepened into an instinct through many generations, has become so associated with the feeling attendant upon warfare, that the ears are depressed even by an amount of anger too slight to find other expression. The opposite movement of pricking the ears forward, to express attention, is so natural as to need no special explanation. It is generally accompanied by an elevation and turning of the head.

The richest women of the Pacific Coast are Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. McDonough, their combined wealth being estimated at $13,000,000.

At Bellevue Hospital.

This scene of hospital life in New York is from *Harper's Magazine*: We pass with the class from ward to ward and from cot to cot, the doctor treating the patients with a heartiness that forces an evanescent smile to the saddest faces, and explaining the cases and operations to the class with so much perspicuity and simplicity that the thickest-headed student would have unimaginable difficulty in not understanding. A mite of a boy is sitting in a big chair by himself, a Tiny Tim of a boy, with large, liquid eyes, the whitest of faces, and the sunkenest of cheeks. "How are you to-day, sir?" the doctor inquires, in a tremendous tone, that makes the piping answer sound ridiculously small. "Pretty well, thank you, sir." "Can you walk?" "I guess so, sir;" and the second answer is in a shriller key, for the voice has not yet recovered from the exhaustion of the first. Tiny Tim is lifted out of his chair by the doctor, whose hands are almost as large as the child's body; he is a sufferer from an obscure disease of a joint, and by that pre-eminent skill which has cheated death many a time he has saved the child's life. Tim limps across the floor and back again, the longest journey that he has made out of the nurse's arms for some months; a faint flush and a smile of satisfaction lighten his face as he climbs into the chair again. He is out of breath, but when the doctor asks if the exertion hurt him, he readily answers, "Not a bit, sir." "Now, gentlemen," says the doctor to his class, taking the repaired limb in his hand- "this is a very—" But we are not re, porting the doctor's lectures. We stand by the bedside of a woman whose life is ebbing away under the strain of a cancer, and here our good Samaritan speaks more cheering words—the most he can do, for the case is irremediable. One of the white-capped nurses of the training-school is watching the patient; she is a fair, wholesome-looking girl, intelligent, neatly dressed, and agreeable in manner. We ask her if there is much extreme suffering in the ward. "That is our worst case," she says, pointing to the woman by whom the doctor and his class are standing; "the poor thing has been here eighteen months without any hope of recovery. No one has been to see her—no relative or friend—in all that time." "Can she last much longer?" "Not more than three months; she is anxious for death, and prays for it." At this moment we feel that the glassy eyes of the sufferer are bearing upon us; her face is colorless, and her lips are pursed as though she desired to hold back the low moan that escapes them. Is not the sight enough to convert one to the doctrine of legalized suicide by proxy, or any scheme of euthansia? On the next bed a wrinkled and very thin old woman is muttering deliriously and sometimes inaudibly; she is over seventy years of age, and hers too is a fatal case. The nurse is young, pretty, and blooming, and her appearance of health and cheerfulness in the midst of pallid disease seems almost out of place. Is it a consecrated life, the sacrificial impulse of religious fervor? No: her motive is the earning of a livelihood, and she is the pupil of an institution which has opened a new and practical field for American women.

Stanley's Love Affairs.

A New York paper gives an account of two romantic passages in the life of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer. Before going on his second expedition to Africa he fell in love with a beautiful girl in New York, and thought his passion returned. At Zanzibar he received a letter informing him that the lady had been married several months, and this intelligence wounded him to the heart. This, however, was Mr. Stanley's second love affair. He had experienced a previous disappointment, but it had not deeply wounded him. Chancing to be on the island of Crete, he saw from his window a Greek maiden in the garden on the opposite house, and at once felt that his fate was sealed. She was about fifteen years old, and Mr. Stanley has since declared that never before or since has he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. He at once sought out the American Consul and revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who had himself married a Greek lady, bade him not despair; took him forthwith to the house of his inamorata and presented him to her mother, who was a widow. Stanley could speak no Greek; the mother no English; the Consul was the interpreter. He did his work so well that at the end of half an hour the maiden was sent for. Stanley was forbidden even to touch her hand; but he conversed with her with his eyes, and they soon understood each other well. At the end of a week he was an accepted lover; at the end of a fortnight the day for the wedding arrived. All this while he had seen the young lady once a day, always in the presence of her mother. On the day before the wedding he had been permitted for the first time to take her hand and imprint upon it a chaste salute.

The morning of the wedding arrived; Stanley was dressed for the ceremony and was awaiting the happy moment. There entered to him three Greeks, whom he had not seen before, and an interpreter. They were introduced as the brothers of the bride, and they produced a parchment which the interpreter explained. It was a deed of settlement, binding Stanley to pay so much a year to the mother, so much to each brother, and so much to his wife, and to plank down the first installments on the spot. In vain Stanley explained that he was worth nothing and could not pay; the brothers looked daggers, the interpreter frowned, and the scene closed by the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty got Stanley out of the clutches of his tormentors and shipped him off to Athens. He did not see his beautiful Grecian maiden again.

Typographical Errors.

Typographical errors are often a source of great annoyance to authors, and nearly every one can recall some very absurd ones. Yet it is a matter of great wonder that the text of books and newspapers is so comparatively free from them. An octavo page of Shakespeare contains on an average 2,680 distinct pieces of metal, and the misplacing of any one would cause a blunder. With this fact in mind, the accuracy of our printing is to be admired. An attempt was once made to secure a perfect edition of a work by Camolus, published in 1817. No care was spared to secure the most perfect accuracy, but after the edition was worked off an error was discovered. A printer's widow in Germany, while a new Bible was printing at her house, one night went into the office to alter the sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis iii, 16. She altered the sentence "And he shall be thy Lord" (Herr) to "And he shall be thy fool' (Narr). For this liberty she lost her life. Copies of this edition have been bought at enormous prices. An edition of the Bible is known to book collectors as the "Vinegar Bible," from the erra tum which changed the reading "Parable of the Vineyard" to "Parable of the Vinegar."

Eight White-House Weddings.

The marriage of Miss Platt, niece of the President, to Gen. Russell Hastings, will be the eighth that has been celebrated at the White House. In 1811 Miss Todd, a relative of Mrs. Madison, was married there to Congressman John G. Jackson, of Virginia. In 1820 Monroe's daughter Martha wedded Mr. Gouverneur, of New York. In 1826 John Quincey Adams' son John married his cousin, Miss Helen, and during the administration of Jackson the daughter of his friend and companion in arms, Major Lewis, espoused M. Pageot, of Martiniqui, afterwards minister of France to the United States. There, too, Tyler's daughter married a resident of Virginia, a Mr. Waller. Tyler himself was married in New York, but held his reception in the East Room—that East Room where Mrs. Madison used to hang her clothes to dry, and where in a bower of roses Nellie Grant was married to Mr. Sartoris in 1874. There, too, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding on the 31st of December last.

AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The Eothen's Voyage in Search of Relics of Sir John Franklin.

The steamer Eothen has sailed from New York on her expedition in search of relics of the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin, whose fate while searching for the North Pole has excited so much conjecture throughout the civilized world for so many years. These relics are believed to be "cairned" on an island inhabited by the Natchilles, a warlike tribe, larger than the ordinary Esquimaux, in the Gulf of Boothia, not far from Franklin Bay, but not yet laid down in any chart. The vessel will start, however, on Saturday, or Monday at the latest, unless the weather should be foggy. She will carry twenty-five men, all told. Capt. Thomas F. Barry, whose discovery of the spoons bearing Sir John Franklin's crest and some initials, led to the present expedition, is in command. Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, of the Third United States Cavalry, is in command of the searching party, which will work under Captain Barry's instructions. Col. W. H. Gilder, an officer of volunteers during the late civil war, is second in command. There are twelve men before the mast.

The searching party consists of Lieut. Schwatka, Col. Gilder, Joseph Eberbing, Henry W. Klutschak, an Austrian by birth, and a civil engineer by education, and Francis Melhas. Joseph Eberbing, or "Esquimau Joe," goes as trapper, hunter and guide. He insists that he is "buck-hunter," and his comrades persist in understanding him "bug-hunter," "Joe" carries with him a short fire-arm constructed by himself of an old Remington pistol, mounted on a stock of peculiar shape, which he made while on board the Polaris, and with which he saved nineteen lives in the trying times on the ice-floe of over 100 days.

The Eothen will first touch at Whale Point, Hudson's Bay, to take on a number of Esquimaux, increasing the searching party to twenty, and thence proceed to Beach Point, Repulse Bay, 140 miles north. At Whale Point, Capt. Barry first met the natives from whom he bought the spoons. They gathered about his winter quarters at Marble Island, remaining until his ship sailed, in the spring. Two other spoons, bearing the Franklin crest, and the initials "S. S. S.," in their possession, were purchased by the United States Consul at St. Johns. The property has since been restored to the niece of Sir John Franklin, who identified them. The Esquimaux stated that the vessel from which they got the spoons was crushed by the ice at an island near Cape Hallowell, and became a total wreck. The crew, among whom was Sir John Franklin, whom they recognized as "Hilata" or leader, were taken by the natives to a point near Cape Englefield, 640 miles from Whale Point, where, one by one, they perished of cold, hunger and sickness, and were buried by being sewed up in skins, placed on the ground and covered with stones to keep off the wolves and bears. The winter was severe and game scarce, and the superstitious natives attributed these misfortunes to the anger of the Great Spirit at the presence of white men. Capt. Barry stated as his belief that some of the crew were killed and eaten by these natives, but that probably most of them died. An important fact communicated by the Natchilles was that the white men left a number of books with writing in them, which were also buried at Englefield, which is about 900 miles inland, and has never yet been reached by any exploring party. These natives are greatly feared by the other tribes of Esquimaux, from whom they differ in many respects, being large, well-proportioned, very warlike and aggressive, and speaking another language.

Leaving Repulse Bay, the searching party, according to Captain Barry's plan, will sail for Disco and go across the country to Englefield. The journey will occupy four or five weeks. The expedition will cost about $25,000. It expects to be gone not less than two years and a half. Stores for eighteen months have been taken on the Eothen, and more will be sent next spring by the whaling brig Henry Trowbridge. The party is well armed, and carries ammunition for the entire thirty months. The stores consist of canned meats—roast lamb, beef, etc.; canned fruits and vegetables, especially apples; flour, corn-starch, Indian meal, coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, molasses, vinegar and horse-radish as a preventative of scurvy. It is expected that plenty of fresh meat can be obtained, as King William's Land is rich in game, such as deer, seal, ducks, wild geese, etc. Contributions of supplies have been ample, and probably more than can be used, but cash contributions are still not over large.

A Short History of Petroleum.

The *Lumberman's Gazette* gives the following short history of petroleum. The production of petroleum as an article of trade dates from the 28th of August, 1859, when Colonel Drake, in a well sixty-nine and a half feet deep, "struck oil," and coined a phrase that will last as long as the English language. From that beginning it has increased to an annual production of 14,500,000 barrels of crude oil. The first export was in 1861, of 27,000 barrels, valued at $1,000,000, and the export of petroleum for the year 1877 was, in round numbers, $62,000,000. The annual product of petroleum to-day—crude and refined—is greater in value than the entire production of iron, and is more than double that of the anthracite coal of the State of Pennsylvania, and exceeds the gold and silver product of the whole country. As an article of export it is fourth, and contests closely for the third rank. Our leading exports are relatively as follows: Cotton, annually, from $175,000,000 to $227,000,000; wheat flour, from $69,000,000 to $130,000,000; pork and its products (bacon, ham and lard), from $57,000,000 to $80,000,000, and petroleum from $48,200,000 to $62,000,000. The total export of petroleum from 1861 to, and including 1877 (sixteen years), has been $442,698,968, custom house valuation. From the best sources of information there are at this time 10,000 oil wells, producing and drilling, which at an average cost of $5,000 per well would make an investment of $50,000,000 in this branch of the business. Tankage now existing of a capacity for 6,000,000 barrels cost $2,000,000, and $7,000,000 has been invested in 2,000 miles of pipe lines connected with the wells. The entire investment for the existing oil production, including the purchase money of territory, is something over $100,000,000, which amount cannot be lessened much, if any, for as wells cease to produce new ones have been constantly drilled to take their place.

Fatal Fire in a Theatre in India.

The tragedy of "The Tyrant" was over by ten o'clock and the Ahmednugur audience were laughing over an amusing farce brought out by a Parsee theatrical club from Bombay, when suddenly a crackling noise was heard in the lower end of the house. Then arose a cry of "fire," which deepened into terrible shriek when it was seen that the ceiling was already in a blaze. For a moment the audience were paralyzed with fright, but as the flames spread a furious rush was made for the little entrance, and many fell and were trampled under foot. The whole pavilion quickly filled with flames, and by the time three-quarters of the audience had escaped, the wind caught the flame and carried it like a scorching sheet across the interior of the booth. By this time, though the door was still blocked with a struggling mass, most of those who were able to move were safe, but the others lay yelling and groaning in the agonies of an awful death. The whole fire did not occupy many minutes; but as the scorched and wounded people were pulled out from near the entrance and passed into the open air it seemed an eternity before the flames died down sufficiently to enable the rescuing party to drag the dead out of the centre of the auditorium. The sight was simply awful. About forty men had either been burnt to death or had more mercifully been suffocated by the smoke.

In the year 1877 marriages in England fell, for the first time in six years, below 200,000. In Scotland the number was the lowest registered since 1872.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

The annual four-mile, eight-oar rowing contest between Yale and Harvard College crews took place at New London, Ct., and was won by Harvard in twenty minutes, forty-four seconds, Yale being nine lengths behind at the finish.

The corner-stone of a monument to commemorate the centennial of the battle of Monmouth was laid at Freehold, N. J. Twenty thousand people were present. There was a fine procession. The presentation speech was made by T. W. Morris, and addresses were delivered by T. W. Throckmorton, Hon. S. S. Cox and others. Governor McClellan, ex-Governor Bedle and other well-known gentlemen were present.

B. L. Solomon & Sons, New York furniture and upholstery dealers, have failed; liabilities estimated at $500,000.

By the explosion of a kerosene lamp, Mrs. Nelson Winfield, of Matamoras, Pa., was fatally injured. Her husband was also fatally burned.

Two men were killed by the sudden caving in of a tunnel in Forty-second street, New York.

During the first six months of this year there have been 514 failures in New York city, with total liabilities estimated at $30,030,795, and assets valued at about $11,012,662. This number is an increase over that of last year for the same time.

At Elmira, N. Y., Colonel Alvin Buckbee, a hotel proprietor, shot and fatally wounded his wife, dangerously wounded his mother-in-law, and then killed himself. Colonel Buckbee was a young man and at one time was under-sheriff of the county. Domestic trouble caused the tragic occurrence.

Troy, N. Y., has been the scene of a daring robbery. Two men garrotted Thomas Buckley, treasurer of the Albia Knitting Mill Company, on the Albia horse-car, securing $3,000 which he was taking to the mill to pay off the hands. The robbers escaped in a hack which, driven by an accomplice, had been following the car.

Seven wooden buildings comprising the rendrock manufactory of J. R. Rand & Co., near Paterson, N. J., were blown to pieces the other day by an explosion of nitro-glycerine, used in the manufacture of rend-rock. The windows and ceiling of buildings a mile distant were shattered, so great was the force of the explosion, but no one was hurt, as the workingmen of the factory were fortunately at dinner. Loss, $5,000.

The Manhattan Club, of New York city, gave a reception to the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Addresses were made by A. S. Hewitt, Fernando Wood and others.

The centennial of the massacre of Wyoming—at which over 300 settlers were massacred by Indians and Tories—was generally observed throughout the Valley of Wyoming. At Wyoming, Pa., memorial exercises were held in the presence of over 80,000 people, among whom were President and Mrs. Hayes, Governor Hartranft, Secretary Sherman, Attorney-General Devens and others. An original ode was sung, poems were read, and addresses delivered by the President, Congressman Hendrie B. Wright and others. The festivities were continued for two days.

The New York city authorities having prohibited the sale or discharge of fire crackers and other fire works on the Fourth, and no appropriation having been made for customary pyrotechnical display in the evening, the day was consequently celebrated with less noise and fewer accidents than in previous years.

Ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden sailed for Europe a few days ago, on an extended tour.

David Trumbull, who rowed in the Yale boat in the recent race with Harvard, and Colonel Charles M. Coit, treasurer of the Chelsea Savings Bank, of Warwick, Ct., were drowned in New London harbor while trying to save a little son of Colonel Coit who had fallen overboard from a yacht. The little fellow was saved, but the father and the student lost their lives.

One hundred and thirty-eight doctors living on or near the line of the new elevated railroad in New York have memorialized the grand jury to compel the company to run its trains with less noise and smoke. The doctors say the rumbling of passing trains is detrimental to the health of their patients. The railroad corporation has employed Edison, the inventor, to invent some means of abating the cause of complaint.

Dr. James C. Ayer, well known throughout the country as an extensive advertiser of medicines, died at Winchendon, Mass., where he had been under treatment about a year for paralysis and insanity.

The trial of Benjamin Hunter for the murder of John M. Armstrong, at Camden, N. J., resulted in a verdict of guilty by the jury. The case was one of unusual interest, as the accused had been a man of standing in the community. On the trial witnesses testified that Hunter had killed Armstrong in order to obtain the insurance on his life. A man named Graham swore that he had been hired by Hunter to kill Armstrong, and detailed the circumstances of the murder. Hunter's defence was a denial and an alibi.

During a severe storm a large tree at Ross Grove, near Pittsburgh, Pa., fell on a picnic party who had taken refuge under it, instantly killing ten persons and more or less seriously injuring fifteen more. The picnic party was composed of German Lutherans, and the wife and daughter of the minister were among the killed.

Western and Southern States.

Large numbers of savages were killed during the recent engagement between the Bannocks and United States troops, the loss of the latter being four killed and two wounded. The number of hostiles engaged was 1,500, and they were charged by Major Bernard's command and compelled to retreat. The Indian camp, with tons of property, was destroyed by the military.

A bloody conflict has taken place in East St. Louis between two police factions, each claiming the right to govern the city. A party of twelve or fifteen deputy marshals, headed by Mayor Bowman, marched to the engine-house, which is the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, and also used as a council chamber by what is called the Wider Council. The Metropolitans barred the doors and windows of the lower story, and when the Bowman party endeavored to force an entrance the Metropolitans fired from the second-story windows; the attacking party also fired. Three deputy marshals were killed, when the rest retreated. The affair caused intense excitement throughout the city.

A railroad tie placed across the track wrecked a train near Claymont, Del., and caused the death of four persons—engineer and fireman (father and son) of the train and two others. A former employe of the railroad company was arrested on the charge of having placed the tie on the track.

The Indian uprising in the West continues. A courier recently arrived at Baker City, Oregon, to ask for arms and men to go to the assistance of a company of fifteen scouts who were surrounded by Indians near Canon City. Two of the scouts had been killed and the rest were in great danger of being massacred.

The steamer Capital City and an elevator at Memphis, Tenn., were destroyed by fire, and two men on board the vessel were burned to death. The pecuniary loss reaches $250,000.

Throughout Ohio and Indiana a movement against the use of agricultural machinery has assumed large proportions, and many farmers have become seriously alarmed, as scores of reaping machines have been destroyed, and on other machines notices have been posted threatening their destruction if the owners do not discard their use and employ men to cut the grain.

Dispatches from the frontier indicate a very serious summer's campaign with the Indians. Orders have been sent to the different commands on the seaboard, directing detachments to proceed forthwith to Fort Leavenworth, to receive further instructions there regarding their